

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 7, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

THE CAUTHEN PHENOMENON



New Ford LTD II

Now Ford brings you the luxury of the Ford LTD in a trimmer, sportier car at a trimmer price.



Ford LTD II Brougham 2-door

FORD LTD II

FORD DIVISION



In addition to the full-size Ford LTD, Ford now offers LTD's luxurious comfort in a mid-size car at a mid-size price.

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A bank loan for an irrigation system helped Stanley Segaar save his farm.





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Next Week

STRUTTING THEIR STUFFS after a nine-year prohibition are college basketball players. Be it Funk Dunk, Punk Dunk, Rock the Baby, Yo Yo or Double Dunk, the shot is turning on the crowds. Barry McDermott reports

THE GOSPEL according to Manager Tom Lasorda is what the Dodgers will hear this season. Larry Keith profiles Walter Alston's evangelistic successor, who has sworn loyalty to the Dodgers—now and in the hereafter

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Roy Bongartz says that his fingers have been numb for about two months now. Still, they seem to have been functioning well enough for him to work the keys of his typewriter, and the result—Bongartz' profile of bowler Earl Anthony—begins on page 66.

After interviewing Anthony in Tacoma, Wash., Bongartz returned to his farmhouse in Foster, R.I., to celebrate Christmas with his family. On the morning of Dec. 27 he hiked across the snowy yard to get down to work in the "skunk house," a one-room hunting cabin that smelled decidedly of skunk 13 years ago, but has more recently served as his office. The only heat in the 12' by 20' room was provided by an old wood-burning stove, but it wasn't long before the cabin seemed to warm up nicely. A little too nicely. The skunk house was afire. Because there was no water at hand, Bongartz tried to snuff

the blaze with snow. After several ineffective minutes, he gave up and called the fire department. Then, despite the fire, the smoke and frozen fingers, Bongartz dashed back into the burning cabin to grab his typewriter and, happily, his research on Earl Anthony.

The \$100,000 Bowling Machine is the 52-year-old Bongartz' third contribution to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in the past six months. All three articles have touched on a favorite theme of his: the obsessed person who succeeds. "I am fascinated by such people," he says, "people who concentrate their entire life force on one aim, no matter how bizarre, and succeed."

His earlier stories for us were about a Cincinnati Reds fan who ended up with most of Crosley Field in his backyard (Sept. 20, 1976), and a man who tramps around forests to record wildlife sounds (Jan. 3, 1977). Now it is Anthony, who is obsessed with—well, with sending a 16-pound ball down a 60-foot lane to knock over 10 plastic-coated maple pins.

Bongartz' own obsession is writing. "I have to be writing something all the time," he says "I can't go anywhere without taking notes." Even on vacations, a note pad and pencil are the first items in the suitcase.

After living in France for eight years and contributing a series of short stories to *The New Yorker*, Bongartz returned to his native Rhode Island in 1963, bought a rundown farmhouse on three acres of land and set up shop there as a full-time free-lance writer. For a while he traveled six months a year ferreting out obsessives, but currently he seeks them mostly on assignment.

And now with winter on the wane and his fingers on the mend, Bongartz is busy with plans for a new office/workshop. Plans include neither skunks nor wood-burning stoves but, we hope, more stories for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

Sack Meyer

AUTHOR BONGARTZ RISKING HIS TOES



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Shopwalk

by JAY CRONLEY

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM, AND YOUR PUPPY CAN BE NO. 1 ON THE RETRIEVER CHARTS

Before listening to the Woodstream Corporation's Audio Library tapes about retriever training, I did not know a thing about dogs. But after applying myself to the basic and advanced courses—consisting of slightly more than an hour and a half of information—I was qualified to test the techniques under battle conditions. I do not have a dog, but I do have a father-in-law who had not spoken to me since we went fishing and I hooked his hat with a purple worm.

When my wife was in college she dated a rugged individual who could tell a greater scoop from a lesser at 100 yards on a cloudy day, and when this guy was out fishing he could tell what was doing the biting by the merest twitch of the rod tip. He could fire from the hip, chop wood, call turkeys, chew tobacco without becoming ill and was not afraid of the dark. My wife's father is also a

sportsman who hunts and fishes and even whistles, and it was his fondest hope that his son-in-law would be a guy who once got a limit of quail despite having a sprained shoulder, or at least somebody who could handle a man's drink, straight sauce, without holding his nose. When I first met my father-in-law, I ordered a banana daiquiri and was coughed on. Until I memorized much of what is on the cassettes, he looked himself in the bedroom every time we went for a visit.

The retriever-training tapes and an accompanying booklet cost \$19.95, available by mail from the Woodstream Corp., Front & Locust Street, Lititz, Pa. 17543, and are a must for anybody with a pup he hopes to hunt one day. Or a father-in-law who thinks his daughter married a simp.

The tapes are narrated by Dave Duffey, who is hunting dog editor of *Outdoor Life*. He sounds a touch like John Wayne, especially when he relates how to teach your dog to "hunk 'em out," which means there is a "bird out there to either pick up or bring back." Duffey casually but expertly explains the training process to a straight man. The lessons were recorded at Duffey's former train-

ing farm in Neeshboro, Wis. You can hear a dog named Charly breathing heavily in the background.

For those who will use the tapes to train a dog, the lessons are separated by a beep so you can rewind and replay important parts before going out into the yard with your dog. But for those who are interested in regaining lost face, you can let the tapes run non-stop and absorb the essentials in one sitting.

The program was so easy to comprehend that I went to my father-in-law's house without notes. As he turned for the bedroom, I asked, "How are your dogs?" He has three. He looked at me suspiciously. I asked if he had gotten the red one to "kenel."

The process of kenneling is elucidated on Side Two of the pre-field play-training tape. You issue the kenneling command when you want your dog to get into a confined space. If the dog refuses, you pick him up and toss him as you say, "Kenel."

The first time my father-in-law had showed me his dogs, I made the mistake of opening the gate of their pen so I could scratch behind the ears of the largest animal. As I kneeled and said, "Here doggie," the beast

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Gilbey's Gin in the frosty bottle makes as smooth a Martini as expensive imported gin.



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leaped over me and ran off into the woods, where it spent the night. There was a lot of ground to be made up.

"Repetition is the key," I said. "You have to repeat the voice command 'kenneel' even when the red dog goes in the front door of the house."

My father-in-law said the dog was kenneling all right, but admitted he was having a little trouble getting him to heel.

I asked how old the dog was.

"Four months."

"That might be a little soon to start him."

"You don't say."

We went back out in the yard and he put the red dog on a leash and walked him around. The animal strayed right and my father-in-law pulled him steadily back—which is in flagrant violation of one of Oufley's rules of play-training. When a dog fails to heel, you don't pull the leash, you give it a sharp tug.

I scored valuable points and was offered some pipe tobacco. Then I became "one of the boys" instead of "her husband" when I solved a problem with a 2-year-old retriever. Having been trained to retrieve dummies, the animal balked at fetching real birds.

"You should have dizzied some barn pigeons," I said.

You "dizzy" a barn pigeon by swinging it around your head counterclockwise. When the bird is put down it doesn't know which end is up, and as it staggers around drunkenly the dog can chase it and become familiar with live game before the season.

I went on to point out why barn pigeons were best, answering a question that had been asked of Oufley on the tape: "A duck's got a pretty sharp beak," I said, quoting the tape, "and it can give a dog a good nip. And a goose'll really pound him and you're going to have a dog that'll shy."

"Do tell," my father-in-law said.

"Same goes for boats," I said. "Once you introduce a dog properly, he'll take it from there. Don't ever throw him in the water, coax him in." (When Oufley had been explaining that part on the tape, you could hear the dog splashing.)

"You recollect that time when we went fishing," my father-in-law said. "You really knew that you weren't supposed to hook minnows through their hearts, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I was just kidding around."

He nodded toward the pickup truck. There he offered me a swig of powerful liquid reported to cure chills and straight hair. Then he asked me to go fishing again sometime.

"All I need is a couple of hours' notice," I told him.

That's because the Woodstream folks also produce a cassette about bass-fishing techniques taught by 1971 BASS Masters Classic champion Bobby Murray, which runs 60 minutes.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH PILEGGI

DEFINITION

Niki Lauda, the race driver, was given the Victoria Sporting Club's International Award for Valour in Sport at London's Guildhall recently, and in accepting the award Lauda made some perceptive observations about bravery in driving.

"There are two elements that make up valor," he said. "One is skill, expertness. The other is dashing personal courage. Of course, the dashing personal courage is more spectacular. It may be that the award has been given to me chiefly because of the impression I gave of flaunting such gallantry. If so, I am afraid it is based on a misunderstanding."

"In my career, skill and practice have always outweighed personal courage by far. Practice makes perfect. Perfection permits you to push the limits of your performance beyond the point at which others either pull out or skirt disaster. As long as you don't exceed the limits, you are normally safe. Driving in safety does not call for outstanding courage."

BIG DAY IN BAGHDAD

On a slow news day in San Francisco last week, our man on the spot, Ron Fimrite, was searching the streets for a story when he stumbled upon the First International Penny Pitching Contest on the sidewalk outside the Washington Square Bar & Grill. Among the participants were Chub Fennell, president of the National League; Conni Venturi, former wife of golfer Ken Venturi; Steven Weed, former friend of Patty Hearst; Joan Hitchcock, former friend of John F. Kennedy (she is writing a book about it); and Cedrick Hardman, the 49ers' former All-Pro defensive end.

The winner was not a former anything. He was vice squad cop Chris Sullivan, who took his \$100 prize across the square to a bar called Powell's and spent it all there because the Washington Square B. & G. was too crowded.

Later the same slow day SI's legman legged it across a couple of hills to the

Temple Bar on Tillman Place where a har's-dice tournament was under way. Liar's dice is a bar game, popular in San Francisco, that requires a modicum of skill, unlike its nearest rival, boss dice, which requires no skill at all, just a lot of loud banging of leather dice cups on mahogany.

Embarrassingly enough, the tournament was won by Bob Lee, the back-up quarterback of the Minnesota Vikings and part owner of the sponsoring Temple Bar. Lee says he had never played the game before, which possibly explains why he won.

BRAVE NEW WORLD CUP

Adrian Paulsen, the new president of the International Amateur Athletic Federation, who in the 1920s was an Olympic 400- and 800-meter man, paid a visit to Washington in January to bring the good news that track and field will finally have its own world championship. "It is a pity," he said, "that the best athletes of the world only compete together once every four years in the Olympics. Youth, in Europe especially, is going over to other sports because it doesn't have enough meetings in track and field." The IAAF has come up with a plan to stage biennial "World Cups," patterned after the European Cup, which is held in the years between the Olympic Games. The first World Cup is scheduled for Dusseldorf, West Germany, Sept. 2-4.

The format of the cup competition is unusual; only finals will be held, with one athlete in every event from each of the eight participating teams. One team will come from the U.S., two others will represent the top two nations in this summer's European Cup and the remaining five teams will be composed of the best athletes from the rest of Europe, the Western Hemisphere (outside the U.S.), Asia, Africa and Oceania.

There are obvious weaknesses in the plan. For instance, Cuba, Jamaica and Trinidad will have to decide who should compete in the 100-meter dash from the

Western Hemisphere—Silvio Leonard, Donald Quarrie or Haseley Crawford. And in some cases the silver medal will go not to the second best in the world in a particular event, but to the fourth, eighth, or worse. Perhaps only gold medals should be awarded.

Whatever, the prospect of a major international athletic event with neither medal counts nor national anthems is exhilarating. The World Cup might well turn out to be a festival among athletes rather than a showdown among nations.

SMALL-TOWN HORSE MAKES GOOD

Trusty Time was a buggy horse for an Amish farmer near Columbus, Ohio until his tendency to (you'll pardon the expression) come unglued when confronted by trucks on the highway caused his own-



er to make one too many trips to the buggy repair shop.

Last October Trusty Time went first to a horse trader and then, for \$400, to Don Jacobs, a harness horse trainer from Mount Sterling, Ohio. Jacobs bought the 4-year-old bay gelding for use as a saddle horse, but Trusty's speed caught the trainer's eye. Trusty was fitted to a sulky and soon was pacing in claiming races at Lebanon Raceway in Ohio. From there he graduated to Northfield Park and to date he has had seven wins in nine starts, all by two lengths or more. His earnings for owner-driver-trainer Jacobs are more than \$5,000.

Last week Trusty was sold once more, this time for \$25,000 to a Cleveland man who put him in a van and sent him out

continued

on the road again, this time heading for New York. Providing Trusty Time can cope with toxicabs, his first race in the big time will be this Saturday at Roosevelt Raceway.

SHORT CIRCUIT

Glady's Heldman thinks of everything. The foremother of women's professional tennis in America has announced the Lionel Cup championship, a four-week circuit to begin March 14, thereby filling in virtually the only remaining space on the tennis calendar.

The Lionel Cup will be open to all women players, including Renee Richards, and its prize money will be \$20,000 a week, most of it put up by the Lionel Corporation. Tennis addicts need no longer face the prospect of withdrawal symptoms between the end of the Virginia Slims tour and the start of the European season. Thanks, Mom.

SECOND-STORY MAN

From *Golf Journal*, the publication of the United States Golf Association, we learn, to our pleasant surprise, that those fellows in white shirts and blue armbands who make rulings at the Open and the Amateur also make rulings while leaning out second-story windows in their undershorts.

Kenneth Gordon of the USGA was playing in an invitational tournament last fall at the National Golf Links of America at the eastern end of New York's Long Island. The National is distinguished for being one of the oldest and quietest golf clubs in America, and also for an oddity in its rules that considers the clubhouse an "integral part of the course," not an obstruction.

Gordon had lost his morning match and was taking a nap in his room on the second floor of the clubhouse when there was a knock at the door. Standing outside when he opened it were a player and his caddie. The player explained that his second shot on the par-5 18th hole had come to rest on the roof of the clubhouse and that the only access to his ball was through Gordon's room.

Gordon, who knows his rules, showed the player and his caddie to the window and then out onto the roof, where, it turned out, the ball was lying in a rain gutter. The player turned for advice to Gordon, who even in his shorts and without an armband has an air of authority about him. Gordon leaned out

the window to inspect the situation, his ever-present pipe in his teeth, and then told the player he could declare the ball unplayable (Rule 29-2. *The Rules of Golf*), take a one-stroke penalty and drop it within two club-lengths of where it lay.

A rooftop, however, is not an ideal spot for a drop. Twice the ball rolled well beyond two club-lengths of where it had been dropped, so while Gordon watched, the player carefully placed the ball where it had been dropped the second time (Rule 22-2) and pitched it from the roof back onto the other integral part of the course—grass—where, lying four, he was still alive.

Maybe the player won his match and went on to win the tournament. Maybe he didn't. But Gordon went back to his nap, another job well done.

NAME OF THE GAME

Oakland A's Coach Red Schoendienst was in his hometown of Germantown, Ill., being honored on Red Schoendienst Day, when he received the following telegram from his new boss, Charlie Finley.

"Congratulations to you, Red Schoendienst, for the honor of having a baseball field named after you. The best I have ever done was to have a mule named after me—Charlie O, who unfortunately passed away Dec. 15, 1976. I am now looking for a replacement for Charlie O, the mule, and this time it will be a jackass, and I assure you he will not be named Charlie O, but will be named after someone who, in my opinion, is a real jackass. I am sure your imagination is good enough to identify this person immediately."

Let's see. Could it rhyme with phooey?

DOWN IS UP

Athletes, as Aik' has told us ad nauseam, experience either the thrill of victory or the agony of defeat. The Stratford High School basketball team of suburban Houston has just experienced the thrill of defeat.

Because of a split season with separate champions in each half, Stratford had to lose to Spring Woods High in order to get into a three-way playoff for the District 17-4A championship.

"It defies explanation," said Coach Jerry Kroll, trying to explain, "but anyway, the team we tied in the first round would automatically go to the district championship if we won."

So the Stratford reserves played the entire game and that strategy worked. They lost 72-45. Only the Stratford fans were confused by their role. They sat listlessly in the stands, wondering how one cheers a team on to defeat.

"What could we do?" said cheerleader John Aven. "We couldn't very well yell 'Win team, win.' We were hoping they'd lose. They had to lose."

Loss they could, and lose they did. Said Stratford reserve Roger McCleary, presumably with a straight face, "We knew we had to lose and we did it."

DANKE SCHÖN

Natural disasters in the U.S. do not usually arouse the humanitarian concern of the rest of the world. We appear able to handle our own floods, droughts and earthquakes without help.

But this year our terrible winter has touched the hearts of the people of West Berlin, who have known their share of bad winters, and under the auspices of the German Red Cross \$514,000 in aid to America has been raised in that city. A notable contributor to the fund (\$400) was Max Schmeling, once the world heavyweight champion and the man who in 1936 kayaked Joe Louis in the 12th round, then in 1938 was destroyed by Louis in the first round.

THEY SAID IT

● Don Buse, Indiana guard who leads the NBA in assists, on how he learned his trade: "We had George McGinnis at one forward and Billy Knight at the other. They said, 'Listen, you're going to have to learn how to do something besides shoot because we're going to do all that around here.'"

● Jim Stinger, basketball coach at Philadelphia's Bishop Neumann High School, on why his star Center Billy Walker improved his class standing by 107 places: "His four little sisters and brothers want him to go away to college so they can have his bed."

● Vitas Gerulaitis, tennis pro, discussing mispronunciations of his name: "Everyone thinks my name is Jerry Latis and they call me Mr. Latis. What can you do when you have a name that sounds like a disease?"

● Abe Lemons, Texas basketball coach: "You can say something to Popes, Kings and Presidents, but you can't talk to officials. In the next war, they ought to give everybody a whistle."

END



"I was wondering if I could possibly borrow a cup
of Johnnie Walker Black Label."

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEFER



THIS COULD BE THE START

of something bad. But a little misstep is not going to stop Steve Cauten, who at 16 is the nation's leading money-winning jockey **by William Leggett**

CONTINUED



Let's not put Steve Cauthen on a pedestal yet," Eddie Arcaro said. "The hazards of racing lie ahead. If you ride enough, you're going to have spills. They can be serious, and everyone reacts differently. Some jockeys can't take the physical shocks of injuries." Arcaro spoke after Cauthen, racing's wonder child, hit the dust during a mid-February race at Aqueduct. His mount had wheeled as it burst from the gate, and the apprentice bailed out, landing on his feet. Unhurt and unfazed, Cauthen rode three winners and went over the \$1 million mark in purse money later that day. Last Friday, his winnings now \$1.4 million, Cauthen once again fell between horses as they broke from the Aqueduct

gate—and once again escaped without a bruise. Twenty-seven minutes later he was guiding his next winner under the finish line.

Steve Cauthen seems touched by both luck and genius, a storybook figure whose tale is wholesome, warm and uncomplicated. Television would hesitate to invent Cauthen, but it certainly cannot resist him. Neither can advertisers, who are dangling \$1 million in contracts before him. Nor can book publishers, already bidding for the 16-year-old's life story.

There's this kid from a tiny town in Kentucky. His father is a blacksmith, his mother a trainer. Born during Kentucky Derby week, he dreamt of being a jockey and practiced his whipping techniques on bales of hay in the family barn. Finally, he got his chance and his first winner. His mother owned the horse and an

uncle trained it. Naturally, the boy closed from last place to win and, sure enough, it was the feature race. And as screenwriters of the 1930s would have it, the horse was a gray.

Steve Cauthen seems to be from a different time, one when people delighted in reading about an immigrant's son named Stan Musial who came out of Donora, Pa. to win seven batting championships, or a lad of 18 called Rapid Robert Feller, who had pitched baseballs to his father behind a red barn in Van Meter, Iowa, and then walked off the farm into the starting rotation of the Cleveland Indians.

Thus far in 1977 the 5' 1", 95-pound Cauthen, from Walton, Ky. (pop. 1,800), has ridden 132 winners in 51 days at the nation's two most important winter race meetings, Aqueduct and Santa Anita. If he keeps it up (which is unlikely, as he

*When *Franglax* stumbled at the gate last Friday at Aqueduct, Cauthen was pitched off.*



will lose the five-pound apprentice allowance on May 27). Cauthen would ride 900 winners this year—and the world record for a season is 546, set by Chris McCarron in 1974.

To Cauthen his 17 winners last week were nothing spectacular; in one seven-day period in early February he had 24. But his performance was still better than that of any other jockey in the country as he picked up more than \$190,000 in purses, and won his first \$75,000 stakes race. When he rode only one winner on Wednesday *The New York Times* ran a six-column head that read CAUTHEN IN DOLDRUMS RIDES 'ONLY' ONE WINNER AFTER 7 STRAIGHT RACES WITHOUT A SCORE. The following day Cauthen bagged three winners. As he stood with his mother in the winner's circle a photographer hollered, "Kiss her. Again, again, again."

Earlier Cauthen had sat with Barbara Howar of *Who's Who* for a long interview at Barn 2 on the Belmont backstretch and heard a man say, "Sound roll 9, camera 13, take 1." Cauthen was cold and tired, and he put his hands inside his jacket. Occasionally he stood and stamped his feet. "Steve," asked Howar, "did you learn to cuss back home in Walton?" The boy's answer was disarming. "Please?" he said. As the interview wound down a TV man came over to Cauthen's agent, Lenny Goodman. "How long will this show run on the air?" asked Goodman. "Twelve, 13 minutes," said the man. "Millions of viewers. Twelve, 13 minutes may not seem like much, but do you know how long it is?"

"It's long," said Goodman, "if you got your neck at the end of a rope."

The agent leaned against a barn door. "I know this can't continue," he said.

"Nobody rides this many winners. Steve's been going to the West Coast to ride on Sundays and it has to be hard on him. The reason we did it was to let people see him, see how good he is. Race-trackers have to see things for themselves. He wants to ride in the Derby but I'd only want him there if he thinks he has a chance to be one-two-three."

"It isn't one-two-three that matters," said Cauthen. "It's just to be there. It's the Ball. The Big Dance. The Senior Prom."

The Today Show wants Cauthen; so do *Tonight* and *Tomorrow*, and because he is so articulate, one can see why. He has already been on *Good Morning America* and the evening news with Barbara Walters. Chancellor-Brinkley and Walter Cronkite. Johnny Carson told a *Tonight Show* audience, "I want to get Steve Cauthen on. We're trying. He's the

continued

He bounded up, brushed off his pants and strode on to another win



only jockey in the world you can bet on to win, place or break out. If he keeps going from the finish line to the winner's circle as often as he does, the racetracks will have to hire crossing guards."

At the end of last week Robert Wassler, the president of CBS, said, "If somebody came into my office trying to sell me a series about a kid like Cauthen, I know what I'd do. Buy it! Particularly if it was produced by Norman Lear. Actually, I've followed Cauthen almost from the time he began riding. He's amazing. There's a lot of talk about him in New York and Los Angeles, and to a certain extent he faces one of the problems that thoroughbred racing itself faces in trying to gain exposure in the areas between those two cities. But I think he will overcome that swiftly."

While the Cauthen phenomenon is hardly two months old, his launching as a jockey was well planned, his training for success built stone by stone. "The reason people are interested in me," Cauthen says, "is not for what has been written or said about me; it's because I've been winning races." Does the media blitz bother him? "At times. Some of the people asking questions don't know much about racing, so I have to explain things to them. But they have their jobs to do and I have mine." Will he be any different from countless other apprentice jockeys who have flashed like heat lightning and ended up broke? "My father is a strong man. It would be very hard for somebody, even me, to get into his back pocket." Cauthen smiled. Although he looks like a lad in a Charles Dickens novel, one cannot imagine him ending up as Pip in *Great Expectations*.

Cauthen was not always as cherubic as he now appears. Trainer Ted Cleveland, the boy's uncle, remembers him as an 8-year-old: "He was the meanest and rottenest kid in Kentucky. Maybe even in the whole Southeastern United States. When you saw him coming you had two choices. You could bolt everything down or get the hell out of his way. But at nine he became polite and he's stayed that way."

The area around Walton has produced many jockeys through the years. Eddie Arcaro was born in nearby Cincinnati, and Jess Davidson not many miles down the Interstate in Manchester, Ky. Arca-

ro was a tough apprentice who admitted trying to kill another jockey during a race, but a year's suspension calmed him and he went on to become a hero in the sport. His "seat" is still regarded as the finest among jockeys. On the other hand, Davidson, who led the nation in winners in 1965, was convicted and sentenced last year to six months for conspiracy and fraud in connection with a race at Bowie in Maryland. Last week his appeal was denied by the Supreme Court and he will go to prison shortly.

Though Arcaro was the most famous rider of his generation, Ted Atkinson won the jockey championship of New York more often (11 times). Atkinson, 60, a literate and sensitive man, has retired to Beaverdam, Va. after serving as a steward in Illinois. "When Cauthen left Raver Downs where he set all those track records last year," says Atkinson, referring to the boy's 94 winners in 50 days, "he came to Arlington Park where I was working. What can I say about him except that he is sensational. And I use that word carefully."

"He had been riding for only a few months when his father came to me and asked if I would keep an eye on Steve to see if I could find flaws in his style. I looked for several days before I could find one. He had a tendency to think that he could open up at any time and steal a race. Most races are stolen in the first and last quarter miles rather than in between. I explained this to him and



he took it with grace. People often say that one jockey outrides another down the stretch but I feel that is a lot of malarkey. The real work is done much earlier in the running by getting position and pacing your mount. Steve Cauthen knows how to do this. It is hard to compare the riding styles of different jockeys, but Steve Cauthen has the Arcaro seat. I should be an expert on that subject because I saw that seat from behind many, many times. A good rider needs instinct and perspective and Steve has those two things. He's the finished product now."

Like others, Atkinson marvels at the

Portrait of an artist as a young man with his elders—Dan Shoemaker, 45, and Johnny Longden, 70





Cauthen joined David Hartman on "Good Morning America."



Few jockeys are asked for autographs, but Steve gets attention from the schoolboy net.

size of Cauthen's hands. Some racing people say that large hands and feet indicate a boy will start to grow quickly and gain weight. "I hope he doesn't," says Atkinson, "but those hands are huge for a jockey." Atkinson, Arcaro and Johnny Longden wore size 4½ shoes as apprentices, Shoemaker size 1½. Cauthen wears size 6. "If Steve encounters a weight problem he shouldn't fight it," Atkinson says. "Too many jockeys have killed themselves doing that. But he and his father already have an agreement that there will be no harsh dieting. The father has a tremendous influence on the boy."

Though horseplayers may be pardoned if they suspect that Cauthen was born in a manger on Christmas Eve, he was no unusual babe. He weighed a normal seven pounds, 12 ounces. But his growth was subnormal; his 14-year-old brother Doug is already 10 pounds heavier. When Steve expressed a desire to become a jockey, Tex Cauthen suggested his son lift weights to increase his strength. The boy also does yoga exercises every morning. "The routine is similar to a ballet dancer's," says Tex. "He keeps his legs and arms limber and supple so that he can stretch back and hit a horse freely."

Tex took his son to several doctors when he was 13 to get a reading on potential weight problems. "I was concerned that after all the training he might grow six or seven inches and that would knock him out of business," Tex Cau-

then says. "It would be a terrible shock to a young man's system, a very harsh thing to swallow after he had set his heart on becoming a jockey. But there was no way anyone could tell whether or how he would grow."

Steve appears unconcerned about his weight. He took his mother to Sardi's in mid-Manhattan last Tuesday and dined on crab meat in cream, asparagus tips and Coca-Cola. He will be one of the few athletes to have his caricature put on the restaurant's walls. The next night Cauthen passed up a special dinner at another famous New York restaurant, Tavern On The Green, where the salmon mousse was decorated with a miniature horse, and there was a saddle of lamb set on bread to make it look like a real saddle, with stirrups cut from eggplant. He said he was tired.

Within the next few weeks, the legend of Steve Cauthen should continue to grow. On Saturday, March 5 he will ride in the \$150,000 California Derby at Golden Gate near San Francisco, then have a mount in the \$250,000 Santa Anita Handicap the following day. That Monday he returns to New York to ride, after which he flies South to help open Hialeah on Tuesday. In the next week he will probably find time to sign with Irving (Swift) Lazar, the literary and show business agent who has handled Ernest Hemingway, Humphrey Bogart, Cole Porter, Alan Jay Lerner, George S. Kaufman and Richard Nixon.

Lazar, who at 5' 3" is jockey-sized and owns horses, met Cauthen at Santa Anita. "He's one of a kind," says Lazar. "When will we see another like him? He's going to tell his life story at 16. Maybe four hours of a TV special. The endorsement offers pour in daily. They're in the millions. He's got dignity, poise, perception. Ninety-five pounds on a horse. On the rail, through horses. Fearless. Good-looking. There is a dignity about champions. The champs don't have it. The second bananas don't have it. Only the first bananas have it."

One day late last week a radio was blaring in the jockeys' room at Aqueduct as Cauthen, surrounded by reporters and cameramen, prepared to ride. He was impervious to the song being played—"This Could Be the Start Of Something," written by Steve Allen.

You're lunching at Twenty One and watching your diet/Declining a Charlotte Rovee, acceptor's fit

You're up in an aeroplane or dining at Sardi's/Or lying at Maibu alone on the sand/You suddenly hear a bell, and right away you can tell that This could be the start of something big!

There's no controlling the unrolling of your fate, my friend./Who knows what's written in the magic book?

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Cauthen excused himself. "I've got to go to work," he said.



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For years designers have imposed on skiers what might be called cold chic—you had to wear what the beautiful people wore or you weren't comme il faut on the slopes. Last week, to find out what skiers are really wearing, SI photographers visited eight resorts across the country. True enough, many folks were decked out in the latest one-piece racing suits or downy parkas, but not everyone has succumbed to the dictates of fashion. Skiing's really beautiful people, as it turns out, are all of us.



PITTSBURGH FATS DODGES A SILVER BULLET

Charged with the possession of cocaine, Steeler Defensive Tackle Ernie Holmes used an indoor outhouse to help gain an acquittal in Amarillo

by Ray Kennedy



Taking the stand in his own defense, Holmes calmly threw District Attorney Tom Curtis for his first loss after a string of 51 straight drug convictions.

It was show time in the Texas Panhandle. Or so it seemed when the Pittsburgh Steelers' Ernie Holmes went on trial in a crowded Amarillo district court last week for "possession of a controlled substance, to wit cocaine." The 6' 3", 260-pound defensive tackle had been nabbed by local cops in a motel rest room on January 31, 1976, part of a silver bul-

let containing the drug in his hand. Billed as a "sample case of credibility" by Holmes' attorney, Dick McLaughlin, the trial began with the lawyers for both sides straining the belief of prospective jurors by dropping lighthearted asides and hints of intrigue, like announcers warming up an audience for *Who Do You Trust*. "This is the most boring part," Assistant District Attorney Morris Overstreet interjected at one point in the jury selection, "and I can assure you it will get much more interesting from this point on."

To his credit—and occasional exasperation—Judge George E. Dowlen was acutely aware that the notoriety of the case could create a "circus atmosphere," and despite the massing of the national media and curiosity seekers of all stripes (at one stage a poker-faced Amarillo Slim joined the gallery), the judge ensured that justice was served.

Still, the three-day trial had its sitcom moments, not the least of which was the erection of a full-scale replica of the motel men's room where Holmes was arrested. Unfolded like a giant Chinese

puzzle, the mock-up, designed by a local architect, so dominated the courtroom that the judge and the jurors had to play peekaboo while District Attorney Tom Curtis hopped onto chairs to raise his objections.

None of this near-slapstick allayed the fears of the "dreadnaught of the gridiron," as the Amarillo *Globe-Times* characterized Holmes. His career in jeopardy and facing a prison sentence of two to 20 years if convicted, Holmes remained visibly distraught through most of the proceedings. During breaks, he stayed in the courtroom and clutched the hand of his pregnant wife Yvonne as he reread his favorite passage in the Living Bible: "Oh Lord, fight the battles that are fighting me."

Aside from the issues in the case there were imponderables: Could a black man, a stranger to the area, get a fair shake from a predominantly white jury? And how widespread was the feeling about drugs as expressed by a local politician who preached that marijuana users "should not be in jails, but under them?"

The most threatening prospect of all



The judge didn't sing "Oke from Muskogee."



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HANDVILLE

to Holmes and his lawyers, though, was the dredging up of a 1973 shooting spree in which the big lineman, while driving aimlessly through eastern Ohio after an unsuccessful attempt to reconcile with his first wife, began firing at trucks with a revolver and a shotgun he used for hunting. In the ensuing manhunt he abandoned his car and wounded a police helicopter pilot before being apprehended in a wooded area, barefoot, shivering and complaining of mental strain. "Three trucks tried to drive me off the road, and it was all I needed to snap," he said by way of explanation.

Diagnosed as suffering from "acute paranoid psychotic decompensation," Holmes pleaded guilty to assault with a deadly weapon and was put on probation for five years. After spending two months in a Pittsburgh psychiatric hospital, he pronounced himself "back on the bases" and returned to the Steelers.

Though Holmes' rehabilitation procedures helped reduce his probation to two years, he continued to gain attention as the result of such seemingly aberrant acts as shaving his hair into the shape of an ar-

rowhead—to "point the way," he said. Actually, it was an attempt to compete with the colorful nicknames of Steel Curtain cohorts Mean Joe Greene, Mad Dog White and Hollywood Bugs Greenwood. But though he tried for acceptance as Arrowhead Holmes, he was always just plump Fats, a voracious eater who gains more than 50 pounds and bulges to 315 in the off-season.

More recently, Holmes began expressing his individuality by talking tough. One of his favorite growls is, "I like to eat raw meat. It gives me the feeling that I'm devouring a wild animal. It gives me a cannibal feeling." Another Holmes theme goes, "I don't think I'm a violent person, but sometimes at night when we're on a road trip, I look across at my roommate in bed, and I want to throw him against the wall."

Late on that Saturday night in January 1976, just two weeks after the Steelers beat the Cowboys in the Super Bowl, it was Holmes who was forced to confront a wall while being searched by police in the motel rest room in Amarillo. En route to a religious conference in

Phoenix, he had stopped in Amarillo to attend the wedding reception of former Steeler Chuck Beatty at a Howard Johnson's motel. Also in attendance were Joe Greene, Cedrick Hardman of the San Francisco 49ers and Ron Shanklin, a former Steeler, now with the Chicago Bears. "Most of the guys had played their college football at North Texas State," re-

continued



Officer Magee left the evidence on the floor

calls Shanklin, an Amarillo resident. "We had been telling Ernie for years what great parties we had and he finally decided to make this one. Well, it was a great party until..."

Until Holmes went to the men's room adjacent to the Rum Keg Lounge. Moments later, Holmes says, a young black man approached him from the rear and asked him to buy a "silver bullet" as a souvenir, because he needed money to get home. "He kept nagging and pestering me," Holmes says. "so I gave him \$20. No sooner had he shoved the bullet into my hand than these three guys came rushing in. They didn't even stop the black kid. He went right out the door. They headed right for me and grabbed me and started telling me I had cocaine on me."

Remarkably, after identifying themselves as police officers and inspecting Holmes' Super Bowl ring, they give Holmes a business card for the Metropolitan Intelligence Unit ("Service Thru Cooperation") and told him to call their office on Monday morning. "I could tell Ernie was dumbfounded," says Shanklin. "He doesn't take dope. He might have already drunk a fifth of cognac, which he likes, but he doesn't play around with dope."

Later, in a 4 a.m. call to lawyer McLaughlin in Youngstown, Ohio, Holmes pleaded. "I've been framed. Mr. McLaughlin, I've been framed."

"Ernie, you've been drinking," Mc-

Laughlin said. "Go to bed and I'll talk to you tomorrow."

Dutifully, Holmes stayed over in Amarillo and reported to Justice of the Peace Roy E. Byrd on Monday. As Shanklin remembers, Byrd announced, "I'm not one bit impressed because the defendant is a famous football player. I'm going to see that this case gets plenty of publicity." Then, after instructing his secretary to call the local media, Byrd made Holmes wait until all the cameramen and reporters were assembled before releasing him on \$1,000 bond. "It should be \$100,000," Byrd said.

Holmes' original trial date was postponed so that he could play for the Steelers last season, and the State of Texas vs. Ernest Lee Holmes was set for last Tuesday. The battle lines were drawn. "I think it will be a real test of the system," Assistant D.A. Overstreet predicted. "I think we'll find out if special privileges apply—whether someone is to be tried on who they are or on what they've done."

For his part, Amarillo's Charles Rutenberry, Holmes' co-defense attorney, took dead aim at the three arresting officers. "Most people around here don't give the Metro Squad much credibility," he said. "They're like the Keystone Kops, always staging these big secret raids and indicting the wrong people."

Indeed, sharing the headlines with the Holmes trial last week was another case in which three student court reporters

were suing the Metro Squad for breaking into their apartment in the wee hours on a supposed drug raid. Though the door was unlocked, it was smashed down with a sledgehammer and nine undercover agents stormed through the apartment, breaking a television set and terrorizing all with their "Dirty Harry guns." Trouble was, they had the wrong apartment.

"It goes on all the time," says Dee Miller, a former Potter County (Amarillo area) district attorney. "They're just sloppy policemen. They watch *Shanky and Hutch* too much."

When the Holmes trial got under way, the sight of Judge Dowlen sucking on a toothpick and the D.A. chomping on a chew of Brown Mule gave the proceedings a right downhome flavor. Once known as the Singing D.A., Dowlen has won drug cases by intoning such lyrics as Merle Haggard's *Okie from Muskogee* ("They don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee") during his closing arguments.

D.A. Curtis is another breed. "Old Tom tries cases the way the Pittsburgh Steelers play football," says one attorney. Going into the Holmes trial, Curtis' record for drug convictions was 51-0.

The first witness for the state was Sergeant Jack Magee. On the night in question, Magee testified, he and the other two Metro Squad officers "were working prostitution." Before confronting Holmes, he said, they had visited "three to six bars attempting to get prostitutes to solicit police for sexual purposes. We

continued

On viewing a mock-up of the men's room, Curtis complained that the courtroom was a bathroom



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just acted like regular people. We played pool, danced, ordered a round or two."

About 11:30 p.m., he said, the trio visited Howard Johnson's and immediately went to the men's room. Magee, who was the first one in, said, "I saw two colored males exchanging what I thought was a marijuana cigarette, red, white and blue in color. As I approached, the smaller man stepped out of view and I saw the subject toss something on the floor." It was half of the silver bullet, a cocaine sniffer, which tests later showed contained 225 milligrams of the drug. When he asked Holmes about the bullet, Magee said, "The subject said, 'I'm a dealer in silver plate. I buy sterling silver all the time.'"

Under cross-examination, Magee said that he did not find the marijuana cigarette, only a rolled-up, red, white and blue matchbook cover, which he left on the floor. Noting that Magee is taking courses in police science, Rittenberry asked, "Do you think your instructor would be proud of you for leaving that evidence there?" Magee gulped, "No." Later, under oath, the two other Metro Squad agents backed off their original stories that they, too, had seen what looked like a marijuana cigarette.

Then came the construction of what Curtis called the "indoor outhouse." Circling around it, he shouted to the judge over one of the walls, "I just don't hardly see how we can try a case without a courtroom. And we don't have a courtroom anymore. We've got a bathroom."

When Holmes took the stand he recounted his boyhood on a farm in Jamestown, Texas, and his days at Texas Southern. He told of his volunteer work at a juvenile detention home, and of how two years ago he bought his old high school and turned it into a youth center and how he had been "born again." During a break, the judge allowed, "I've been watching the jurors and they like Ernie."

When the trial resumed, Curtis used a replica of the rolled-up matchbook cover to show how it could be used to scoop cocaine out of the silver bullet. To Holmes, Curtis said, "You were giving a snort to someone, weren't you?" Holmes, eyes narrowing, said, "No." "Truth is," said Curtis, "you were so loaded on beer, champagne and cocaine, you won't know what happened in that rest room."

When Rittenberry summed up the case as another example of the "infamous Metro Squad in action," there was laughter in the courtroom. Accusing the officers of "lying with scheme and design," drinking on duty, leaving their guns in their cars, allowing a suspect to escape and failing to mark and pick up evidence, he concluded, "Are you proud of your Metro unit? Of course not. I think you're ashamed." Calling the bathroom caper "probably the worst drug case ever tried in Potter County," Rittenberry asked the jury, "Would you rely on these officers in a business deal? Would you base a decision in your life on their word? I am asking you not to base a decision of Ernie's life on it."

In his closing remarks, Curtis said, "Putting the officers on trial is an old trick. But they're what keeps the cocaine out of men's rooms. They're what's between the cocaine and you, your kids and relatives." Of Holmes, he said, "You heard him say that he thought the silver bullet had something to do with the Lone Ranger? Can you believe that? You really think that man in the men's room was trying to get him interested in the Lone Ranger? It's an incredible story, not worthy of this court or anywhere else."

"From the very beginning it's been football, football, football," Curtis concluded. "They couldn't wait to tell you that he played for the Pittsburgh Steelers. But this trial isn't about football. It's about dope and what threatens you, me and every member of the community."

After deliberating over a round of Dr. Peppers for 80 minutes, the jury returned with a verdict of not guilty. "Man, this is like 10 Super Bowls!" Holmes exclaimed as the courtroom resounded with applause and cheers.

Afterward, one of the arresting officers, Sergeant Magee, wished Holmes well. Curtis extended his congratulations, too. Rittenberry concluded, "That jury just flat fell in love with Ernie." Well, not exactly. "The way I figured it," one court officer said, "there were a bunch of drunk guys in a men's room one Saturday night and none of them remember what happened. Big deal."

And as Holmes rumbled off in his van, he said, "It's going to be hard for me not to be All-Pro this season. I'm going to kill everybody on the field."

END



For character witness, Holmes imported old teammate Andy Russell (above) and Baptist Minister Ira Eschleman



THE RIGORS OF SPRING

Or are they? This week baseball players are in the opening phase of training, 10 days set aside for conditioning when no formal exhibition games are scheduled. Nowadays, most teams order their players to come to camp in good shape, and many hire special instructors to lead the troops in calisthenics. But do the players, with the exception of the pitchers and catchers, really need—or even try—to get into finer fettle than golfers? Or as tradition holds, is springtime more properly an occasion for them—and their fans—to dispel winter's chill and sharpen their eyes and arms? As the paintings on the following pages show, early training is both a laborious and a relaxed time. And as the article on page 37 reports, that's the way it has to be to prepare for a season that stretches 162 games.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MCMILLAN











EXERCISING SOME NEW OPTIONS

Like the crack of bats and the pop of balls against leather, the sounds of panting breaths and creaking bones have always been part of the spring-training ritual. What is new are the Kung Fu experts, the strength and flexibility coaches and the Space Age devices that now help major-leaguers shape up so they won't have to ship out.

Most of baseball's 26 teams have decided that more than a sharp batting eye and a strong arm is needed to survive the 162-game grind. To get the maximum from their skills, players must also be coordinated, fluid, mobile and rhythmic. In a word, athletic. These days, an infielder who botches a ground ball is as likely to blame his neuromuscular state as the loose webbing in his glove.

But science has not yet won everyone over. While many clubs are using the latest fitness programs, others still rely on the standard calisthenics and a few laps around the old ball yard. Among the traditionalists is Detroit Manager Ralph Houk, who holds to "light exercise and going right on to the baseball drills."

It is this attitude that has always raised so many doubts about the true physical condition of baseball players. Even when they work out they do not always appear to be working. They seem to be just a bunch of guys loitering around the batting cage or shagging lazy fly balls in the outfield. And the doubts are helped along whenever someone like beer-bellied Pitcher Mickey Lolich gripes, "The only thing running and exercising can do for you is make you healthy."

However, the more progressive teams and players have begun to discover the relationship between exercise and the basic skills of the game. Other sports have known this for years, of course, but baseball has never tended to run too far too fast with a new idea. Just consider the disregard the game has always had for muscles. "We've been old-fashioned about using weights," admits White Sox Gen-

eral Manager Roland Hemond, "probably because we feel they make players tighten up and slow their swings."

The success of the world champion Reds, who have been sticklers for conditioning, is probably a major reason for the change in thinking. "We have four objectives in spring training," says Cincinnati Trainer Larry Starr. "First, skill, followed by flexibility, endurance and strength. Skill is developed in drills that emphasize hitting and fielding. Flexibility comes through exercises. Endurance comes from running, and body strength comes from work with our Nautilus equipment. The importance of conditioning boils down to one thing: being able to do your skill at the time it is needed. The stronger, more flexible player will be able to avoid injury. He will also be able to play nine innings and a 162-game schedule without fatiguing so quickly."

Anyone who remembers March as the month when players rid themselves of winter fat and hangovers might notice something else that is new about spring training. Today's major-leaguers no longer have the luxury of playing themselves into shape, because in most cases their teams expect them to be in almost peak condition before they come to camp. Kansas City Manager Whitey Herzog imposes a \$100-a-pound fine on any Royal not reporting at a prescribed weight. During the winter, Yankee players had to follow a rigorous training program and report their weight by mail twice a month. The Dodgers have been holding pre-spring workouts in Los Angeles for years, and Trainer Bill Buhler says, "The fellows who participate regularly are just about ready to go 100% when they arrive at Vero Beach."

Leaving the spare tire back home does not necessarily mean a player will have it easy. For the Cardinals, the demands are even greater when they reach camp. The man seeing to that is Walter Eberhardt, a 73-year-old former physical ed-

ucation director at St. Louis University, who came out of retirement this year to reintroduce an intensive program that the club had discontinued in 1972. Under Eberhardt, players with special needs get special attention. Pitcher Bob Forsch, for example, exercises to increase his shoulder strength, and Mike Tyson runs through agility drills designed to make him more nimble at second base.

Another strong believer in personalized exercises is Paul Uram, flexibility coach of the Pirates. Flexibility is important, Uram says, because it increases speed and agility and protects against muscle pulls and strains. "But no one program is good for 30 or 40 people," he adds. "One player may need more emphasis on his flexion than on his extension, another may require work on his hamstring, not his quadriceps."

And you thought it was all batting averages and ERAs? Well, Gus Hoefling, conditioning consultant for the Phillies, even hopes to increase flexibility through Kung Fu movements.

None of these exercises, drills or programs are substitutes for well-executed baseball fundamentals. And in fairness to Lolich, he did win 21.5 games before retiring during the off-season. But if they can improve a batter's timing or a pitcher's arm strength and can cut down on muscle pulls and ankle sprains, then there must be something worthwhile about these new rites of spring. They may even be so good that they soon may be considered a tradition.

—LARRY KATIE





BEING GUIDED TO NEWPORT BY A NORTHERN STAR

Sweden's entry in the America's Cup this summer is untested, but she has a skipper with a world of experience

by COLES PHINIZY

When measured by the human traits that have marked worthy 12-meter skippers of the past and present, Pelle Pettersen, the helmsman and designer of the Swedish challenger *Sverige*, looks like a certain winner in his quest for the America's Cup this summer. Pettersen is by nature as meticulous and precise as Bill Cox and Gerry Driscoll. He has some of the innovative genius of Lowell North and some of the broader talent that made Bus Moshbacher and Bill Ficker almost unbeatable. Like Jim Hardy, Pettersen is most affable, like Bob Bayer and Ted Hood, he is well-contained and unflappable. To stretch the comparison to the limit, when Pettersen is discussing his own shortcomings, he is often as outspoken (though rarely as long-spoken) as Ted Turner, the Atlanta fireball who has made self-immolation a way of life.

Despite such endowments, when the realities of the moment are considered, Pettersen's chances of winning the America's Cup shrink considerably. His credentials are good, but his timing is godawful. He is entering the fray as a nov-

ice at a time when the arena is already crowded with talented and hungry old hands. Though it is sport's most lopsided event, the America's Cup consumes many able and devoted men—and this summer will set a record. Disregarding the failure of all challengers in the past 107 years, four boats representing three different foreign countries will be seeking victory, and between now and late summer there will be four very good U.S. craft fighting for the honor of defending the queer old prize.

Having tried to take the cup four times with four different boats, the Australians should be ready to pack it in, but instead they will have two challengers in Newport. Although the French lost to the Australians in the elimination series in 1970 and 1974 in a wood hull called *France*, they will be back with a new wood-skinned, aluminum-framed boat, *France II*.

Some years ago Naval Architect Olin Stephens, whose creations have defended the cup in five of the six challenges of the modern, 12-meter era, noted that any designer of a 12-meter boat usually profits from his earlier attempts provided he does not stub his toe taking too bold a step forward. Therein lies much of the advantage that the Australians and French will have over the Swedish newcomers. Their designers have been gripped by the rats of hindsight and are wiser for it. At present, the French are reluctant to release any meaningful data on their new hull, which was designed by Andre Marnic, whose good original hull, *France*, because of chaotic management never had a chance to show her worth.

The least promising of Australia's challengers is *Gretel II*, the old wood boat that was not expected to beat *France* in 1970 but took four straight and went on to make the best showing of any foreign-

er against an American 12-meter. Her designer, Alan Payne, does not expect that she has the stability to do well in heavy weather against the newer, lighter aluminum hulls, but he has modified her above and below water in a dozen minor ways to improve her in light air. Most notably her measured length has been reduced to allow more sail area and, although she was never a bobber, her bow has been fitted to cope with the messy water created by the spectator fleet.

By virtue of several radical departures—an extreme overall length and a lumpy forefoot, to cite two—*Southern Cross*, the hull produced for the 1974 challenge by Australia's other designer, Bob Miller, was supposedly unbeatable running and reaching and at least competitive on weather legs. She turned out to be barely competitive running and reaching and easy to beat to weather. Wiser now, Miller has produced a new hull, as yet unnamed, that is comparatively orthodox. Her keel is long and slender, harking back 10 years, her forefoot is unlinked.

If Pelle Pettersen and his *Sverige* (pronounced Swair-ee-yeh and meaning Sweden) get by the Australians and French, what will be their chances against a Yankee defender? Because of the infrequent competition and the variables involved in every quest, the America's Cup is not a game that attracts oddsmakers. However, based on the past performances of two old U.S. hulls that are still active and the logical potential of two new ones, the Swedes' chances seem truly dim. Assuming that the new *Enterprise* designed by Olin Stephens is a dud—a farfetched presumption, indeed—and assuming that the new *Independence* by Ted Hood, the multifaceted Marblehead man, is no better, on the active reserve list the U.S. has Courageous, the Stephens boat that

Continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM FINLAYSON

Sverige innovations: Skipper Pettersen will not use a wheel but opt for a double tiller with a hiking stick so he can ride the weather rail, and his winch girdlers will not hand crank but use pedals.

won handily last time out. Backing up these three is *Intrepid*, Stephens' old wood boat that defended the cup in 1967 and 1970 and almost beat *Courageous* for the honor three years ago. *Intrepid* and *Courageous* are already bolstering the defense effort by serving as trial horses for *Enterprise* and *Independence*. When you have that sort of bench to scrimmage against, you surely are sitting pretty.

Pettersson has an easy, boyish way and looks much younger than his 44 years, but he is not naive. He has never considered the America's Cup a challenge that one undertakes armed with pebbles and a shag. He started early marshaling assistance from Volvo, Mölnlycke, SKF, Boliden, International Flag and some 50 other Swedish corporations known for their technical achievements. This winter, reviewing his chances at a time when things were not going as well as they might, Pettersson said, "The America's Cup is one of the greater things you can try for in yachting. The enthusiasm you get watching the boats and imagining yourself in one of them attracts you to it, but you have to remember that you can easily make a fool of yourself. I think the boats will be relatively even in performance. I don't think we lack anything as far as rigging and such refinements are concerned. I think we are about level with the Australians and French in our sails, but the Americans will have a real edge in that department, with Ted Hood and Lowell North competing. I have the greatest respect for that advantage, and we will have to keep working to overcome it."

If Pettersson and his *Sverige* team should lift the cup, two unrelated circumstances will be largely responsible: 1) the Great Depression of the '30s and 2) the popularity of the Star boat, the old hard-chined class that evolved on Long Island Sound shortly after the landing of Columbus and has persisted around the world despite the incursion of slicker designs. If it had not been for the Depression, Pettersson might have been Yankee born, raised in the Midwest and working now for Evinrude, Harley-Davidson or General Motors. Shocking as it may seem to die-hard Corinthians, for much of his life Pettersson, the sailor, has enjoyed an equal reputation among powerboaters and, still worse, the motor-car crowd. Before he had done any serious

sailing even in a junior class, he was winning big in soapbox derbies in and about Göteborg where his family was living. The external design of Volvo outboards and the Volvo Penta outdrive come from his drawing board. Before he began producing his Maxi line of sailboats for family cruising and casual racing, he had created several powerboats and the Volvo P 1800 quasi-sports car that sold well in this country in the '60s.

Pettersson is a stilor by choice, a stinkpot and stinkmobile designer by provocation. In the 1920s his father Helmer raced an American brand of motorcycle called Excelsior and, restless for greater challenge, left Sweden to work in Chicago for the company that made his machines. By the time he reached these shores, the attrition of Excelsior employees on dirt tracks had been so great that he was forbidden to race. Instead, the elder Pettersson worked his way up to head of the racing division. As such, he maintained and bequeathed up not only the cycles used on tracks and in hill climbs by great drivers like Joe Petralli but also those ridden by the Chicago cops against the forces of Bugs Moran and Al Capone. The Excelsiors did fine in hot competition, but the stock Harleys and Indian cycles sold better and survived the Depression. The scarcity of jobs drove Helmer Pettersson back to Sweden about a year before Pelle was born.

Spurred by hard times in his homeland, the elder Pettersson developed a charcoal-burning converter for automobiles. When World War II came, he had just what isolated Sweden needed. He was subsequently commissioned by Volvo to design a small car, and the result was the road-hugging Volvo PV 444 that gave Sweden an entrée into the U.S. market at a time when little, wire-wheeled MGs and Volkswagen bugs were overrunning the country. In the late '50s, when Volvo wanted to put out a flashy sports car, Helmer Pettersson slipped an unidentified set of Pelle's sketches in with those of established designers. The younger Pettersson's proposal was selected over those of the Italian coachwork masters Ghia and Frua.

The novice designer was abetted by disciplines learned at the Technical Institute in Göteborg and, in the mid-'50s, at Pratt Institute in New York City. During two years at Pratt, Pettersson lived in the Bedford-Stuyvesant district of Brooklyn,

then as now largely black ghetto. He did little sailing while at Pratt, his first venture in September of 1955 being the one he remembers best. Before most of the America's Cup rivals he will meet this summer had seen a 12-meter hull, much less thought seriously about the class. Pettersson was invited to help sail one from Marblehead, Mass. to New York's City Island, where many of the class have been built. It was a bright September weekend with a soft wind swinging behind, making it easy going under a baggy spinnaker most of the way, through the Cape Cod Canal and across the front of Aquidneck Island and Narragansett Bay, where all the cup races are held. The occasion, though memorable, had no influence on his present involvement in the America's Cup, for which his Swedish comrades can give thanks. The old hull on which he crewed was *Mouette*, U.S.-registered but designed and built in England in 1928—a real dodo.

As one sailmaker recalls, "Mouette had enough stern overhang to swing a hammock under. Against today's 12-meter bombs, she'd do about as well as Cleopatra's barge."

Pettersson started sailing at the age of 10 at Kullavik on the Kattegat where he is now tuning and retuning *Sverige*. From a junior class called *Stjärna* he graduated to the Star class in 1953. The Star, which was popular elsewhere in Europe, had been tried on the Swedish west coast in the 1930s but had not caught on, many locals feeling that conditions on the Kattegat were too extreme for a perky hull with such little freeboard. Pettersson won the very first Star race he entered—the first held to revive the class on the Kattegat. It was a badly tarnished victory, although honorable under the circumstances. On the final leg of the race downwind, Pettersson was up front roughly even with two rivals; then half a mile from the line it suddenly turned into no contest at all. He simply flew away from the fleet, winning by almost 200 yards.

The Star boat is not noted for its downwind performance, but it will really move if it happens to tick the top of a rock and lose its 900-pound keel, as Pettersson's hull did. Once safely in port, Pettersson hurriedly addressed his rivals. "We had better keep this quiet," he said. "If people find out that keels fall off that easily in a five-knot wind, we will have

killed the Star class again." The rest of the skippers agreed that Petterson should remain the winner of record. As Petterson says, "It was a unanimous decision made very quietly."

Over the years Petterson's devotion to the Star class has brought him three Swedish, two European and one world title as well as two Olympic medals—and, as a costly fringe benefit, involvement in the America's Cup. The list of winners and top finishers in the major championships of the Star class reads like a *Who's Who* in the America's Cup. In the win, place and show columns of the Star honor roll the name Lowell North appears so often it forces a yawn, and the names of Knapp, Burnham, Buchan, Forbes, Ficker, Driscoll, Morgan, Conner and other America's Cuppers crop up with lesser frequency. Petterson suspects that his cup fever is in part a result of his repeated contact with rivals already suffering from the bug.

Four years ago something happened to the Star class that made him an exponent of 12-meters. After he had won the silver medal behind David Forbes of Australia in the 1972 Olympics, the Star boat was taken out of the Games. Petterson believes, as most top skippers do, that because each country is allowed only a single entry, an Olympic sailing contest is never as meaningful as a world championship, but four years ago he further realized that the loss of Olympic status would take some of the edge off the competition in other major events of the class.

"Sadly enough," he says, "the competitiveness of the Star, especially in Europe, has a lot to do with the Olympics, because Eastern Europeans only sail seriously in Olympic classes. We always had keen competition from the Russians and other Eastern Europeans because they had financial aid to push the class, even as we do in Scandinavia. Quality drops when the Olympics are out. To many people that might be O.K., the Star would become a corner class where you meet some of the same old friends, drink the same beer and take it more easy. Nothing wrong with that kind of sport, but if you want hard competition in a world championship, Olympic status helps."

Not knowing at the time that the Star boat would be only temporarily exiled

from the Olympic ranks, Petterson cast about for another challenge. He has done well in a Soling but felt that class would simply offer more of the same. Although he designs and sells cruising hulls, ocean racing was not his bag. It is not demanding enough tactically for his tastes, and there is too much risk of enforced idleness. He remembers sitting for hours and hours and hours in one Fastnet Race, becalmed off the Scilly Islands, almost without shouting distance of talented rivals. Off to port, stuck in the same dead sea aboard a handsome French hull was Paul Elvstrom, the lord god of smallboat skippers, and a short distance away, equally stuck aboard an Italian hull, was Tom Blackaller, the Californian who beat Petterson for the Star world title in Laredo, Spain in 1974.

In the design of *Sverige* Petterson stayed on familiar ground, resisting the temptation to wander far afield and fall in somebody else's pit. "*Sverige* is a boat for the middle range of conditions," he says. "I tried not to be too experimental, such as Britton Chance was last time with *Mariner*." In gross measurements *Sverige* follows the trend of modern aluminum hulls. Her beam is about the least allowed without penalty under the 12-meter rule; her draft is about the maximum. She is short overall, less than 64 feet. Her underbody aft resembles that of *Courageous*, the 1974 winner, but is even stabber. To skip on the true waterline and thus avoid penalty deriving from her very low displacement, the forefoot of *Sverige* has been flattened as if by a giant butter knife, prompting one esthetic critic to describe her as "brutally snubbed fore and aft." Columbia, the first 12-meter defender, which now serves as *Sverige's* trial horse, weighs more than 28 tons. *Sceptre*, the English boat that Columbia beat back in 1958, weighs 34 tons. The aluminum *Sverige* weighs barely 26 tons, and more than 20 of that is in her keel.

Going to weather *Sverige* will carry an excess of 2,300 square feet of sail, more than any 12-meter that has competed to date. Despite all that canvas, she does not seem tender in heavy air. In her spumotic trial runs against Columbia last fall, she rode with an easy bow and created almost no quarter wave. On reaches she seems better than Columbia; on downwind legs she has proved equal to Columbia in medium conditions and su-

prior in light and heavy air. Going to weather she seems to point higher but gain nothing from it—and that may be her undoing.

Instead of sailing her conventionally with a wheel for the rudder and trim tab, Petterson uses a double tiller that by means of an extension allows him to ride the high side on windward legs as if she were an outsized Star boat. Borrowing a bit of ingenuity from Paul Elvstrom, Petterson has incorporated a system whereby his winch grinders do not crank but sit in cockpits and pedal with their legs. The winches were designed by Petterson's moody father so that in shifting up or down through the gears there is no hesitation or change in direction.

Sverige first went into the water early last September and stayed until the end of November, when the days were getting very short and the weather miserable. The northern Kattegat lies less than 10 degrees from the Arctic Circle, but a weak finger of the Gulf Stream reaches across the North Sea through the Skagerrak and wastes itself on the Swedish shore. Because of this providence, sailing in November is at least possible although the Kattegat is not to be confused with Biscayne Bay at that time of the year. As if the marginal climate were not disadvantage enough, this past fall *Sverige* had the same sort of fiftal bad luck that most 12-meters seem her to. Sheaves jammed, halyards fouled, winches did not work well. A shroud tang failed and the mast went overboard. In October, a month when the wind usually stays within decent limits, it was often excessive. As a consequence, Petterson did not get in as much sail testing as he would have liked and did not get around to crew evaluation at all.

In any hull designed to a rule, as 12-meter boats are, what looks like a step forward often turns out to be only a new way of achieving the same. All the design differences and mechanical innovations in *Sverige* may count for a lot or may not add up to much. She may be very talented, and she may get lucky. Whatever her success, she is the first Swedish girl in the game, and on that count alone a worthy contribution to splendid tradition. If she should win in Newport, it would be quite something. One thing is absolutely certain: if she loses this summer, she will be in the very best of company.

END



A SHOT AT REALISM THAT IS WIDE OF THE GOAL

The brilliance of *Slap Shot*, a new movie about a minor league hockey team, lies in its analogies to sport and life. A last-place team is folding in a burned-out city that is itself being abandoned. The violence that contaminates hockey also menaces (and titillates) our whole society. The players' wives, dragged around to strange new cities, classically represent all the displaced housewives of transient America. The hero (Paul Newman), a washed-up player-coach, is in his athletic dotage. He is spent and rejected, a premature metaphor of what real old age means in this country.

Compared to, say, *Rocky*, a fairy tale that succeeds because it is never untrue to its premise, *Slap Shot* is a supposedly realistic view of a sport and of life. But it fails because it is false to everything it fancies itself so realistic about. Alas, it is nothing but a cheap shot.

Violence is at the core of the film, as violence truly is in real hockey. The woe-begone Charlestown Chiefs are doomed once the factory is closed and (ugh!) "10,000 workers are placed on waivers." But the team is magically revived because three sadistic brothers are imported from the wilds of Canada to brutalize the opposition and beguile the barbarians in the seats. Sell-outs! First place!

All of this is fair enough, except that we cannot take any of it seriously inasmuch as the very point of the film, the violence, is played strictly for laughs. The burlesque savagery is so in the spirit of the oldtime Tom and Jerry cartoons that I wondered when one of the

Chiefs would hand an opponent a large black bomb.

The whirling direction, by the usually well-disciplined George Roy Hill, runs amok with moments of putative satire wedged amidst heavy slices of life, like putting peppermint patties in a lunch-meat sandwich. The dialogue by Nancy Dowd is as puerile as it is unnecessarily vulgar. Apparently Nancy Dowd believes that male camaraderie can be instantly created with a whole lot of garbage mouth. Well, of course, the -ing bread is correct in her assessment that men in groups employ plenty of dirty words. You bet. But what she apparently fails to realize is that they use them casually, as throw-aways. *Slap Shot* is utterly betrayed by its language because it makes a point of its dirty words, it smirks at them—and men don't do that: not in the army, not on hockey teams, not in the Wuerger tape, not even, for that matter, in *Rocky*.

Newman, in what begins as a very affecting scene with the team's female owner, ends up merely aimlessly vile. I would have been embarrassed for Newman, but by this point it was apparent that the role of the old player-coach was lost on him. This is as disappointing as it is confusing, for no leading man has ever made such a graceful transition to character parts as Newman. Yet, as marvelously as he played the foolish, fading Buffalo Bill in his previous film, so did he botch it here.

There is no more pathetic a male figure than the athlete going over the hill. The wan, empty posturing of Joe Namath, almost an overnight has-been, is all we require for available evidence. *Slap Shot*'s player-coach should properly be a lost, fey figure, desperate at the end of the road. That's the way these fellows are. Instead, Newman plays him with the cocky insouciance of a Butch Cassidy, and that is simply not the character. It is a gratuitous performance, as the violence is gratuitous, as the vulgarity is, as even the sex is—five untroubled minutes spent with Newman assessing the not inconsiderable breasts of one Melinda Dillon. For you hockey buffs, the actors skate quite well in the movie. If only they spoke as adequately. **END**



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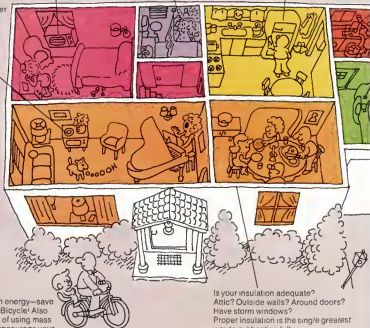
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America's dwelling units could be saved—the equivalent of 11 billion gallons of petroleum products per year. So you see, your share is much more than just a drop in the barrel.

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The wise use of energy is also wise money-management, for it can save on your fuel and electric bills. Some examples: HEAT. Each degree above 68° F on your thermostat can add 3% to the amount of energy needed, and a proportionate amount to your heating bill. LIGHT. One 100-watt bulb burning for 10 hours uses the equivalent of 1 pound of coal—you pay for it on your electric bill. WATER. If a faucet leaks one drop of water per second, it can waste 700 gallons a year. If it's hot water, that's both energy and money down the drain.

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Every year about the time the snow melts and the sidewalks and streets reappear, so does the Syracuse basketball team. This season the Orange is 23-3, perhaps the class of the East and unnoticed and unloved outside its weather radar range.

Syracuse finished its regular season last Saturday by beating a good Rutgers team 82-72 in Manley Fieldhouse, where the Orangemen have a 78-5 record the last seven years. So how come they lack renown? "We're not colorful," says Jim Boheim, the coach. If there is any color, gray is probably the right shade. The wind comes whistling off nearby Lake Ontario and across the Canadian border, making upstate New York a frigid, desolate place this time of year. You heard about Buffalo this winter? Well, Syracuse usually gets more snow than Buffalo, and although this season has been an exception, its 128.5 inches is far above average. It is from this area that the team gets most of its players. They hail from remote, isolated towns the glamour schools never find because their recruiters don't have snow tires.

Marty Byrnes is an archetypal Syracuse player. Boheim calls the junior forward "my clutch player," but Byrnes, who comes from Pittsford, N.Y., was given a scholarship almost as an afterthought. And the team has a freshman, 6' 9" Louis Orr, who fans think might someday be an All-America even though he is currently just All-Skinny. Because he weighed 160 pounds only two other schools, Xavier and Cleveland State, offered him a scholarship. "That was in the 10th grade," protests Orr. "I weighed 167 pounds last year." Boheim recruited him shortly after being thrust into the head job when Coach Roy Danforth cleared out his desk and left during lunch hour to go coach at Tulane, where he could wear sunglasses. Orr is from Cincinnati, which is not Tahiti but still the farthest Boheim has traveled to recruit, given his \$11,000 budget. "We don't get the pro-type player," says Boheim.

Not until this year, that is. Syracuse has an outstanding big man in 6' 11" freshman Center Roosevelt Bouie, who was raised in Kendall, N.Y., a one-caution-light town. Bouie, however, was not unknown. He filled two trash bags with

letters from imploring college coaches, and one school offered him a job in a bank, from which he was eligible for an interest-free loan. Boheim needed 25 trips to convince Bouie that he could make Syracuse famous for something besides irony—one of the city's major industries is the manufacture of air-conditioners. So far Bouie is attacking the game with recklessness and bravado. He played seven games with his right hand in a cast after he broke it diving for a loose ball. And he wears two sweatbands bearing the inscription "Puddin'." "As in sweet and smooth chocolate," says he.

Despite getting in foul trouble against Rutgers, Bouie led both teams with 17 rebounds. Syracuse also has beaten Louisville—in Louisville—and St. John's and West Virginia, and its average margin of victory is 19.3 points, second in the country. But somehow the Orangemen manage to remain invisible even though they have been to postseason tournaments in each of the last six years, have averaged 21 victories a season during that span and have participated in every NCAA playoff since 1973, a feat matched only by UCLA and Marquette.

Part of the reason for the low Syracuse profile is the winter-wasteland factor. During the recent natural-gas shortage the team practiced in 50° temperatures, and when asked to rate the city of Syracuse on a scale of 1 to 10, Orr gave it a solid 2. Another reason is that few major schools deign to visit Manley Fieldhouse, which is flanked, appropriately enough, by a cemetery.

Playing in Manley is an unnerving experience because of "the Zoo," a section of combunctious students who harass opponents with ridicule, paper airplanes, oranges, chants of "Sit, sit, sit" when the visiting coach stands, and howls aimed at the opposition's cheerleaders. "They tend to go sick," says Marty Byrnes. To the Zoo's left is the Sour Sinus Society, the pep band that dispenses "Zoo Kazzos," upon which the fans blow demersively. "We don't try to be fair," says student Terry Averdick. "We try to be obnoxious." And at the other end of the

continued

The color for the Orange is gray

Syracuse has done a remarkable job of winning and staying unheralded



Bouie dunking against Rutgers, is a freshman but there is no question he is All-America stuff

floor is the Kennel Club, which barks at the opposition. "We sound like a dog pound greeting new arrivals," says member Denise Zimmer. The Kennel Club also has a cheer. It goes: "I saw your sister. She's ugly. You must be twins."

Moreover, Syracuse behaves in this manner all over the country. Bob Gilbert, a 27-year-old former student, has 125,000 miles on his car, many of them from following the Orangemen in 194 of their last 196 games. During the energy crisis he packed his car with 55 gallons of gas and drove the 710 miles non-stop to Charlotte, N.C. for an NCAA regional game. Another student, Jack Murray, is in his sixth year at Syracuse, mostly because he studies basketball. He has missed only one road game during that time. "It's a phobia," he says. "I feel sick if I miss a game, but when you've got a basketball team like this, it keeps you warm during the winter." The night before the Rutgers game the fans staged a pep rally complete with bonfire. "My high school did not even have pep rallies," said Byrnes.

Syracuse Guard James Williams, who leads the balanced offense with a 14.7-point average, was asked before the game who was the fastest guard he had faced. "I haven't played against any fast guards," said Williams. At least none as fast as he is. The senior used to be called Bug, but he took umbrage at the nickname, saying that it, well, bugged him. He was certainly a pest to Rutgers, scoring 24 points and breaking loose for two late lay-ins. Sophomore teammate Dale Shackelford added 18 points and 14 rebounds. "We're good," said Billy Drew, a transfer from Notre Dame. "We can play with anybody. We may not blow out teams like UCLA, but we can play with them." And now Syracuse may get another chance to do just that.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDEAST Every dog is supposed to have its day, and that's exactly what Georgia's Bulldogs had when they upset Tennessee 83-76. Georgia, last in the Southeastern Conference with a 2-13 record, won despite 41 points by the Vols' Bernard King. Giving the Bulldogs their bite were two freshmen, Center Lamon Mercer (11

points, 10 rebounds, seven blocks) and Guard Jimmy Daughtry (19 points). Tennessee had earlier downed Mississippi State 76-68, but the loss at Georgia dropped the Vols' half a game behind Kentucky. The Wildcats took their 17th-straight away game 81-69 at Mississippi behind Mike Phillips' 20 points, and came home to trounce Alabama 83-70.

Michigan clinched an NCAA berth by stopping Michigan State 69-65 in overtime after the Spartans had rallied from an eight-point deficit to knot the game at 57-all in regulation time. In a battle for second place in the Big Ten, Minnesota beat Purdue 84-78 in overtime as Ray Williams gunned in 29 points and pulled down 16 rebounds. Minnesota also squeezed past Illinois 72-70. Mike Thompson scoring 29 points.

Two independents, Notre Dame and Detroit, scored nearly at will. Duck Williams collected 52 points as the Irish decked Loyola of Chicago 111-86 and LaSalle 113-77. The Titans smothered Marshall 122-86 and Xavier 91-66. John Long and Terry Tyler combining for 80 points.

Miami of Ohio took a half-game lead in the Mid-American race by beating Western Michigan 76-66 and Ohio U. 83-62. Second-place Central Michigan lost to Toledo 69-61, then alarmed Western 77-61. Northern Illinois was toppled from first place as it was upset twice, 75-70 by Eastern Michigan and 64-57 by Toledo.

1. KENTUCKY (22-2)

2. MICHIGAN (21-3) 3. TENNESSEE (20-5)

MIDWEST

Kansas State missed 17 of its first 19 shots against Oklahoma, but got 20 points and 13 rebounds from Curtis Redding for a 68-55 triumph. That clinched first place in the Big Eight for the Wildcats. Runner-up Missouri was damped by Iowa State 95-86 as Andrew Parker and Leonard Allen teamed up for 45 points. Then the league playoffs began. Kansas State converted 37 of 41 foul shots to demolish Iowa State 97-62. Also on target from the foul line was Missouri, which made 36 of 41 free throws during a 92-74 conquest of Oklahoma State. Oklahoma beat Colorado 68-56 and Kansas held off Nebraska 61-58.

Louisville stopped Georgia Tech 91-80 in a Metro Conference contest as Wesley Cox scored 31 points. The Cardinals also throttled Northeast Louisiana 95-65 in a non-league game, even though Calvin Natt had 35 points, nine rebounds, three blocks and two steals. Cincinnati drubbed three outsiders. After disposing of Buffalo State 79-60, the Bearcats swept past Biscayne 74-43 and Jacksonville 78-61.

Although it squandered most of a 15-point lead and committed 23 turnovers, Arkansas outlasted Texas A&M 63-62 to win its first outright Southwest Conference title since 1941. The Razorbacks also became the first

team since 1956 to complete the regular conference schedule undefeated. By finishing first, Arkansas earned a bye into the finals of the SWC playoffs, which began with three of four home teams winning. A&M beat SMU 89-79. Texas Tech wiped out Rice 93-74 and Ohio Bowling scored in 36 points as Houston visited TCU 111-67. Baylor was the only visiting team in the conference to win, nipping Texas 72-70.

New Mexico State tied Southern Illinois for the Missouri Valley Conference lead, nipping West Texas State 84-82 in overtime, while the Salukis dropped in extra-period game at Tulsa 99-91, and then romped over Drake 80-61.

North Texas State averaged an 18-point loss at Creighton by beating the Bluejays at home in a 108-105 shoot-out.

1. LOUISVILLE (21-4)

2. ARKANSAS (25-1) 3. CINCINNATI (22-4)

EAST

A freshman, a Ford and a four-corner offense earned North Carolina to three victories and the Atlantic Coast Conference regular-season championship. With Center Tommy LaGarde saddled by a knee injury and with Guard Phil Ford triple-teamed, freshman Forward Mike O'Koren scored 23 points as the Tar Heels edged Virginia 66-64. Ford's 24 points and 14 assists next led Carolina past North Carolina State 90-73. And then, leading Duke 64-58, the Tar Heels went into their four-corners attack that surge to lock up an 84-71 win. Maryland's Brad Davis flicked in a game-winning basket with three seconds left to stun Wake Forest 81-80.

At North Carolina State, the Deacons, who had begun the week atop the ACC, blew a nine-point lead and lost 91-85 as State's Clyde Austin had 27 points, and Kenny Carr 31 points and 13 rebounds.

"Jump shooting depends a lot upon the composition of the court," said Joe Hassett of Providence after he sank 13 of 20 shots and scored 26 points in an 84-71 win at Valparaiso. "This court has great cushion. I got really good spring and it made it easier to shoot." At St. John's, though, the Friars struggled to a 69-66 verdict.

Joe Senser of West Chester (Pa.) State set an NCAA record by finishing the season with a 69.9% shooting average. Although the 6' 5" sophomore made only five of nine floor shots during a 94-86 loss to Bucknell, he surpassed the old mark of 66.7%.

Marquette's Butch Lee, who played on Puerto Rico's Olympic team, had 25 points in a 73-58 win at Wisconsin, and 22 more as the Warriors held off Virginia Tech 75-70.

Esse Hollis poured in 68 points as St. Bonaventure (18-5) defeated Siena 98-76, Fairfield 73-68 and Canisius 79-54.

HOW TO FEEL LIKE A MILLION.

Villanova started three brothers, which is believed to be an NCAA first, and went on to down Colgate 82-66. The Herren brothers scored 39 points, Keith getting 22, Larry 11 and Reggie six.

Despite a superlative effort by Glenn Mowley—29 points, 25 rebounds and six blocks—Sutton Hall lost to St. Peter's 90-89.

1. PROVIDENCE (23-3)

2. N.C. (20-4) 3. WAKE FOREST (20-4)

WEST "They're as good as they want to be," said Stanford Coach Dick EdBass after losing to UCLA 114-83. Best of the Bruins was Marques Johnson, who pumped in 30 points that night and 37 more in a 91-69 romp over California. During those two outings, Johnson hit on 27 of 38 field-goal tries. During the second game it was announced that Washington had dumped Oregon 74-62, a verdict that would have clinched the Pac-8 title for UCLA. That report, though, was erroneous; for the Ducks won the game 61-60. Two nights earlier, Oregon had been knocked out of a tie for the lead by Washington State 55-53. Washington's James Edwards earned 12 straight shots and had 29 points in an 81-69 victory over Oregon State.

Portland was on the verge of the biggest upset of the season, leading by 11 points mid-way through the second half at San Francisco. Then Bill Cartwright spurred a comeback by the Dons, who won 95-92 as he finished with 33 points. In an earlier 112-77 romp over Seattle, Cartwright had 28 points. Clauthy Cox of the Dons set single-game and season highs for assists in that game; his 15 bringing his total to 154.

Arizona won twice while Utah split, leaving those teams deadlocked for the Western AC lead with one game left. With Bub Elliott out with a sore knee, the Wildcats had to scramble to overcome Colorado State 91-86. Gary Harrison tossed in 27 points for Arizona, but State's Alan Cunningham led all scorers with 35. Then, with Elliott scoring 16 points and Herm Harris 20, the Wildcats zapped Wyoming 85-63. Utah split Texas-El Paso 66-65 as Jeff Jorns and Greg Deane each hit both ends of one-and-one free-throw situations in the last minute. Despite 62 47 shooting, the Utes were then shocked 81-77 at New Mexico.

Playing a true road game, Nevada-Las Vegas held only a 37-35 halftime edge at Denver. But Sam Smith flipped in 24 of his game-high 30 points in the second half and the Rebels coasted 99-82.

San Diego State topped San Jose State 73-64 and Pacific 64-63 to finish in a tie for the Pacific Coast AA title with Long Beach State, which whipped Fresno State 85-46.

1. SAN FRANCISCO (28-0)

2. UCLA (22-4) 3. NEV-LAS VEGAS (23-2)



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Cleveland's not barren

Not yet, anyway, but it's clear that the \$1.3 million plan that saved the Barons from bankruptcy is only a stopgap to the problems NHL owners refuse to face

The Cleveland Barons finished what they thought would be their last practice one morning last week, then gathered at Little Joe's Pub to wait for their team to expire. For more than a month the Barons had lived on skid row, the victims of meager home crowds, a last-place record in their division and a financially strapped owner—San Francisco hotelman Mel Swig—who had poured \$2.4 million into the ailing franchise over the last six months and now saw no reason to prolong his misery.

The Barons had received their Feb. 1 paychecks two weeks late, and they were still owed their Feb. 15 checks. On one road trip, a bus driver refused to transport the Barons from their hotel to the arena until he was paid in cash, and a Pittsburgh hotel refused to house the team until Coach Jack Evans agreed to put the entire bill on his American Express card. Back home, the Barons' cred-

it rating was no better; one day a company reclaimed a videotape machine from Evans' office while the coach was at lunch. "Someday it'll all seem funny," said Forward Gary Sabourin. "But now I just want to be a long way from Cleveland and the Barons."

As Sabourin spoke, the odds were that he and all the other Barons would be a long way from Cleveland before their scheduled home game the next night against the Buffalo Sabres. In fact, the Barons had told Swig they all would renege immediately unless he produced their late paychecks and showed financial proof that the club would be able to complete the schedule. For his part, Swig said he had already lost enough money on the Barons, while the other NHL owners, who had lost more than \$11 million trying to keep the Barons afloat when they were located in Oakland, insisted they would not bail out the franchise again.

The Oakland-Cleveland mess has always been an eyesore for the NHL, which has repeatedly boasted that, unlike the rival WHA, it has never folded a sick club in the middle of a season. Three years ago the league bought back the Oakland team from Charles O. Finley for some \$7 million, then sold it to Swig a year later for \$3.5 million. Before purchasing the Seals, Swig had received assurances from the city of San Francisco that it planned to construct a 17,000-seat arena in the Yerba Buena redevelopment complex there, and it was his plan to move the Seals across the Bay from Oakland to San Francisco. But the Yerba Buena deal collapsed, so last summer Swig transferred his team from Oakland to Cleveland, recently vacated by the WHA's Crusaders, who tried to move to Florida but landed in Minnesota instead—and promptly went bankrupt.

The Barons arrived in Cleveland just six weeks before the start of the season, but for some reason Swig declined to budget funds for promotion. Complicating matters, suburban Richfield—the site of the Coliseum—is somewhere between Akron and Nome, and inaccessible by public transportation. The Barons drew poorly from the start, averaging only 5,300 spectators per game. With his seasonal losses approaching \$2.4 million, Swig searched for local investors, and for a time he thought that George Gund III, who owns about 30% of the franchise, would purchase another piece. But when it came time for Gund to put up his money, he was fishing in Chile.

As a result, the office staff was not paid for two months, and when an office boy was sent out to get paper cups for the coffee machine, the paper company refused to give him the cups. Swig suggested that the players take a 27½% pay cut but they balked. Then Swig was unable to meet the Feb. 1 payroll. The NHL finally stepped in and paid the players on Feb. 15, but there was no guarantee of future checks. "Considering what they've been through, the players have been remarkable," said Acting General Manager Harry Howell. "In fact, they've had better than a .500 record since the day they missed their first paycheck."

Nevertheless, the financial crisis had clearly affected the Barons. "We got to the point where we felt like no one cared—not the Players' Association, not the fans, not the club, not even the owners."



Trying to keep their dampened spirits wet, the Barons awaited word of their fate in Little Joe's Pub



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Sabourin planned to beat unemployment lines

league," said Defenseman Bob Stewart, the Barons' player representative. "We'd even like to be booted, anything that shows someone's interested." The Barons voted to strike and not play a game against Colorado, but Alan Eagleson, the executive director of the NHL Players' Association and the agent for several team members, convinced them to suit up for two more games. If there was no guarantee of salaries at that time, Eagleson said, they could retire, let the team fold and have the league dispose of them.

"That's what we want," said Forward Bob Murdoch. "A lot of guys have heard from other clubs, and they want to go."

Many of the Barons at Little Joe's talked about where they might end up when the club expired. The hottest rumor was that the rich New York Rangers had already offered Swig more than \$1 million for three of his best players—Goalender Gilles Meloche and Forwards Dennis Maruk and Murdoch, the older brother of Ranger rookie Don Murdoch. Buffalo, too, reportedly wanted Meloche,

while Toronto desired Forward Rick Hampton and Defenseman Stewart, the Bruins sought Boston native Mike Fidler and Philadelphia was anxious to reclaim Left Wing Al MacAdam.

Then the Barons received the news they least expected: the Cleveland franchise was still alive, if not completely healthy, and would complete the season. With the zero hour approaching, Eagleson had proposed a novel survival plan. The Players' Association, Eagleson said, would take out a \$600,000 loan to help finance Cleveland's operations if Swig and the other NHL owners contributed a similar amount.

Eagleson's proposal was overwhelmingly approved. Swig contributed \$350,000 of his money, the 17 other NHL owners tossed in \$20,000 apiece—and the Barons had the \$1.3 million they needed to pay expenses this year. "What we've done," said NHL President Clarence Campbell, "is give Cleveland one last chance to prove it wants this team. But there is no guarantee there will be a Cleveland hockey team next season."

The Barons reacted to the infusion of fresh capital by losing three games in four nights, and attracting a total of only 9,634 for their two home games. "A lot of guys are a little upset about still being in Cleveland," Maruk said. "You figure, what the hell, we're not going to be here next year. Why not let us go somewhere else now and let us establish ourselves. Everybody knows we have to play, but nobody wants to get hurt or spoil things for a deal for next year. There are a lot of mixed feelings about this thing."

The interesting aspect of Eagleson's artificial respiration is that it was the Players' Association that saved the team. But this was not entirely surprising, for hockey players always have genuinely cared about the survival of their sport, and the NHL's Players' Association has more power in the conduct of its game than any of the other players' unions.

"The first purpose of a union is not to keep salaries high for a few players but to maintain as many jobs as possible," says Philadelphia's Bobby Clarke, the president of the NHLPA. "Beyond that, the sport is as much our business as it is the owners'." In fact, Clarke and the other NHL players have shown little interest in the so-called freedom issues that have plagued the other major sports; the NHL players were the first to agree to compensation arrangements for players

who exercised their options, to an amateur draft and to a moratorium on legal actions. "We don't want to be like baseball," says Clarke.

Throughout the Cleveland crisis the players showed more interest in the integrity of the game than did the owners. While some teams—most notably the Rangers—wanted an auction of the Barons personnel, Clarke insisted that such a lottery "would be all wrong. What about the fans of a team that can't afford to buy players? Even free agency would be wrong, because teams like the Rangers and Flyers would sign the best players. The rich get richer, the poor get poorer. If the players are to be dispersed, there should be a straight dispersal draft." But wouldn't Clarke prefer to see the Flyers buy the players who might help them win the Stanley Cup? "The game and its integrity are more important than what one person wants," he says. "All our salaries must come down. It's crazy. Do you realize there are guys in the minor leagues making \$150,000 a year? That's got to change."

Eagleson agrees with Clarke. "This Cleveland situation is just the tip of the iceberg," he says. "Look, if we filed protests all over the place and forced the owners to live by every word in the collective-bargaining agreement, we could have bankrupted half a dozen teams this season. But we don't want to bankrupt anyone. The players don't mind inconveniences in certain instances. However, it's about time the league realizes it has to strengthen itself and get rid of these constant crises. They've got to stop hailing out one another. NHL teams will lose \$15 to \$18 million overall this year. The only answer is a restructuring of the NHL back to 14 or 15 teams."

"What the players have said is that they appreciate the problems and care about them. But this Cleveland thing is a one-shot deal. The players aren't going to bail out the owners again. This game is in big trouble, and the players can't be the only ones doing anything about it."

Said one NHL general manager, "The players have leadership in Eagleson and Clarke, but the owners are 18 men with 18 selfish interests."

So the Barons live for now, but their future—like that of the entire NHL—is uncertain. "The gold rush is over," one player admitted. "Most of us now realize that \$40,000 or \$50,000 a year is a damn good living wage."

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Compared to the exquisite criteria used in rating ocean-racing sailboats, the handicapping of thoroughbreds is sheer crudity. In an ordinary horse race, past performances and the experience of the jockeys are taken into account, lead plates are dropped in the saddles, and—clung—they're off and running. Last week did anyone at Aqueduct measure a buttock height aft or a girth overhang? Certainly not. Did anyone at Santa Anita reckon on the tenderness ratio or movable appendage factor? No one did. The buttock height, girth overhang, tenderness ratio and movable appendage factor are but four of more than 100 mathematical niceties that go into the rating of sailboats of various sizes, shapes and ages.

Today, in the attempt to give everybody a fair shake, just about everything on an ocean racer is weighed and measured except the owner's shrinking bankroll. For all that, God in His infinite whimsy still plays a major part, particularly in the six races of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference. On the Southern Circuit, in addition to the ordinary deities of the weather, there is the Gulf Stream, which wanders across four of the racetracks like a drunken John Barrymore, unpredictable but effective nonetheless.

This year, as if recognizing the efforts men have made to achieve parity, the dear Lord sailed on boats both great and small, on the very newest and the very old. For the second straight year, to encourage older boats, there was no official overall winner but instead a prize for best performance in class for pre-1974 hulls (Division II) and a comparable award for the best new boat (Division I).

After *Wildwaw*, an orthodox two-tonner, beat a dozen rivals last year to win Class B honors in Division II—and the unofficial fleet title—further progress in that hot class seemed unlikely. So this year along came little, livid-green *Imp* to win the identical prizes, beating in the process *Big Schott*, a virtual twin of *Wildwaw*, as well as *Love Machine*, a stretched-out version of last year's winner. Summed up, *Imp* might be called a revolutionary return to normalcy. She is a trifle smaller than the two-tonners that have customarily dominated Class B. Whereas today's two-tonners are in ef-

fect a compromise, designed both for ocean racing and for level-rated competition events in which there are no time allowances and the emphasis is on windward sailing, *Imp's* skipper, Dave Allen of Belvedere, Calif., wanted a boat solely for ocean racing. Designer Ron Holland gave him just that, lightening the ends of the hull, yet at the same time increasing its rigidity by means of an aluminum-pipe skeleton that carries the load of the keel, plates and stays. By the time the southern series was half done, Class B rivals were calling *Imp* "the unbeatable boiler room."

Because the starting times of the six classes in the two divisions of the SORC are spaced 15 minutes apart, with the bigger, faster boats leading off, oftentimes in the first three hours of a race the fleet is strung out more than 15 miles and spread so wide to either side of the rhumb line that to the eye it seems more like a game of hunches than inches. Anyone taken by such a false notion can easily shake it by examining the duel between two Division I boats, *Running Tide* and *Dora IV*, in the series just ended. In the first race, a 138-mile round trip from St. Petersburg down the Florida west coast to Boca Grande, *Running Tide* beat *Dora IV* out of first place in Class A of their division. In the next race, 397 miles from St. Pete around the Florida Keys and up to Fort Lauderdale, *Dora* won and *Running Tide* was second, and for the remaining four races they alternated first and second places. Because the point scoring is weighted according to the distance of the races, *Running Tide* won class and division honors from *Dora* by a score of 2,095.0 to 2,094.5. In the six races the two boats traveled more than 1,200 miles. The total corrected-time difference between them after 148 hours of dueling was seven minutes, 42 seconds. In any two-boat scrap, the duelers sometimes make the grand mistake of chasing each other too far afield and handing the victory to a lesser rival. In the *Running Tide-Dora* encounter quite the opposite happened. The two old boats ended up second and third to *Imp* in the unofficial overall fleet standings.

For the first five races *Imp* was upstaged by a little Hawaiian queen called *Sweet Okole*. Eye-catching is not quite the word for *Sweet Okole*. Mind-bog-

gling is more like it. Although rated slightly more than an ordinary one-stunner, she weighs, all up, only 7,800 pounds. She is 36 feet long, 12 feet in the beam and only three feet less wide at the transom. Her hull is wood impregnated with epoxy. With an outsize bowsprit tacked on she would look like a futuristic ukulele. In the words of one of her four co-owners, Dr. Bob Peyton, her spinnaker is "about the size of an airmail stamp." Still she is a hellion downwind in all but light air. Had she turned up 15 years ago, she would have been termed a "rule-beater" and subjected to some derision. But the SORC gang is more sophisticated now. When Sweet Okole won five races in a row, there were no non-believers.

Because *Imp* had one blemish on her record (a second place in the third race), Sweet Okole was leading both Class C and the newer-boat division last Friday as the boats headed into the final race, the Nassau Cup, a 31-mile eastward in the Northeast Providence Channel.

Class A of the division was led by *High Roller*, a new hull co-owned by her helmsman, Dennis Conner. "I am just a kid trying to do well among the professionals," Conner said. "It's fun to be a drapery maker trying to knock off the sailmakers." As it turned out, the only man with a punting chance to catch him in the last race was the owner of *Scurramouche*, Chuck Kirsch, who sells Conner fixtures for his drapery business. Kirsch won the final race, but not by a sufficient margin to take the class.

Meanwhile, the odds seemed against *Imp* winning the Division II title, for the brisk air on the last day was much to the liking of Sweet Okole. But the Hawaiian boat ran into all sorts of trouble. At the start she was blanketed by two rivals and had to tack five times to get clear. There was a crew chop seemingly unsuited to her configuration, so she never moved her best upwind. For the coup de grace, a larger boat in Class B of Division I, with no chance for glory, sat on her air for three-quarters of the broad reach home. Okole took fourth in her class on corrected time—her first time out of the money—and as a consequence lost the division title to *Imp*, who won the race, by a score of 2,098.0 to 2,097.0.

It is indeed a game of inches.

END

55

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Their fans haven't forgotten Dr. J, but the last champs of the ABA have one thing to cheer about—a Golden State castoff named Hawkins, who really effervesces

Nets sink, Bubbles rises

Three large banners high above the Nassau Coliseum floor seemed to symbolize the ups and downs of the New York Nets. Two of them, hanging from the ceiling, were ABA championship banners honoring the Nets for winning titles in the old league in 1974 and again last year. The third, a homemade effort held up by fans in the balcony, read: WITHOUT BUBBLES THE NETS WOULD HAVE WORSE TROUBLES.

"Bubbles" is Robert (Bubbles) Hawkins, a left-handed scoring machine from the Earl Monroe school of herky-jerky moves, who was signed by the Nets as a free agent a third of the way into the season and who has become their newest—in fact, their only—star. After an under-publicized career at Illinois State and a year of inactivity on the Golden State Warriors' bench, the 6' 4" guard with the 42-inch sleeve is scoring nearly 20 points

a game while averaging 26 minutes of playing time, mainly in the second and fourth quarters. Hawkins has had a 44-point night, and during a recent hot streak scored 152 points in 163 minutes. In an otherwise disastrous season, which as short a time as five months ago offered them at least the promise of an NBA championship, Hawkins is the Nets' only bright spot.

When Julius Erving took them to the ABA title last year, the Nets were, arguably, the best team in either league. Their playoff victims, the Denver Nuggets, had the finest regular-season record in pro basketball—as they do now. Thus, when Dr. J stopped David Thompson & Co. it seemed that, following the merger, the Nets were in for a pleasant future.

Instead, Erving is gone and New York has a 19-42 record, the worst in the NBA. These days the championship banners hang like funeral shrouds in memory of a sparkling young team scattered to the winds after Nets owner Roy Boe decided not to pay an extraordinary amount of money to the game's most extraordinary player. The sequence of events that toppled the Nets—and gave Bubbles Hawkins a second chance—began last summer with a well-intentioned move.

The Nets would be nearly impossible to beat, reasoned the front office, if high-scoring Guard Tiny Archibald were acquired from Kansas City to run with Dr. J. So they swapped Guard Brian Taylor, a veteran of both championship teams and a fine defensive player, along with backup Center Jim Eakins and two first-round draft choices, for Archibald. A broken foot has kept Archibald out of the Nets lineup since Jan. 2, which is bad luck. But the decision to bring him and his \$450,000 salary to New York produced negative side effects that might have been foreseen. The arrival of Archibald, who was making far more money than Erving's \$275,000, heightened an already serious salary dispute between Boe and Erving's agent, Irwin Weiner. On Oct. 21 Erving was sold to Philadelphia for \$3 million, which helped pay the Nets' way into the NBA.

With Dr. J in Philly and Long Island in mourning, most of the Nets' scoring

continued

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burden fell upon their guards, who numbered only three when training camp ended—John Williamson, Al Skinner and Archibald. When serious play began, opponents started ganging up on them and taking their chances with New York's weak-shooting front line of Kim Hughes, Jan van Breda Kolff and either Rich Jones or Tim Bissett. On Dec. 15 Assistant General Manager Bill Melchioni opened his free-agent file, a beat-up manila envelope filled with scraps of paper, and dialed Bubbles Hawkins' number in Detroit.

Hawkins had been cut by Golden State the day before the season began. Once an All-America at Detroit's Pershing High and a teammate of the '76ers' Doug Collins at Illinois State, he consequently had a lot of explaining to do to his friends in the Midwest. When he ran out of excuses for not making it in the NBA, he decided to take a job that would have had him serving summonses out of the Detroit city courthouse—only Melchioni's phone call came first.

"Officially, I got to play 153 minutes with the Warriors last year," says Hawkins, "but even that was stretching it. They were the defending NBA champs, so I'd get in for maybe the last 1:32 and they'd call it two minutes in the scorebook."

At least with the now deprived Nets he would get an opportunity to play. From Dec. 22 to Jan. 22 New York lost 13 straight, setting league season lows for fewest points in a game (73) and fewest points in a half (28). On two occasions they scored just 11 points in a quarter—and the zinger is that all four of these notable achievements occurred in different games.

Hawkins was less concerned with the Nets' futility than with reestablishing his reputation. In his first appearance, against Milwaukee, he got in for four minutes and hit four baskets. In his first five games he scored 66 points in 70 minutes, and his stints on the floor were often the only occasions when angry Nets fans, who cannot forget the sale of the Doctor, felt like clapping. Bubbles' first big night included an 18-point second-quarter foray that led to a 95-86 victory over Chicago and an end to the 13-game losing streak. He played an almost perfect 12 minutes, hitting all seven of his shots and scoring

the Nets' last 10 points of the half.

But the Nets quickly lost three more in a row, and the front office reacted by getting rid of the team's co-captains, Williamson and Jones, within a 24-hour period. That reduced to four the number of Nets left from the championship team and left Hughes as the only survivor from last year's starting five.

"A lot of times I wonder where all this is going to lead," says Hughes, a curious holdover. He is averaging only 4.4 points a game, has no shot, is shooting .218 from the foul line—worst by far in the league—and is unmercifully ridden by Nets fans even when he does something good—like winning a game with a free throw banged in off the glass. "It makes you wonder if we're all going to be traded or cut," Hughes says. "And are we ever going to win?"

Again Hawkins to the rescue. In a five-day span last month he helped defeat the Celtics 99-89 with 18 points in the final 16 minutes; he helped the Nets get back at Dr. J and the '76ers by contributing 24 points in a 113-112 upset in Philadelphia; and at Cleveland, New York's third straight playoff opponent from last year, Bubbles was well nigh unstoppable. He played 32 minutes and scored 37 points on 15-of-20 shooting. Final score: Nets 94, Cavaliers 90.

Hawkins had the reputation of being a game breaker at Illinois State, and the people in Normal still talk about the time he is said to have reached out and stolen the ball from teammate Doug Collins as the two crisscrossed on a fast break. Collins scored 57 points that night, but Hawkins broke that record the next year with 58, after betting a friend \$10 before the game that he would.

The ingredient Hawkins adds to the Nets' otherwise stolid offense is unpredictability. He excels on the fast break, and he can take the ball into the lane and adapt his shot to score over or around almost any defender he has had to face so far. Moreover, for the first time since Erving left and Archibald got hurt, the Nets have some reason to feel they have a man on their side whom opponents cannot stop. Not starting agrees with Hawkins and seems to catch the other team off guard or a half-step tired. Now when he gets up off the bench, the Coliseum comes alive with chants of "Bubbles! Bubbles!" It is even getting difficult for

him to find his blue Volvo with the California plates after games, what with a parking lot full of Long Island teenagers begging for autographs.

Take the recent Denver game, for example, when the banner in his behalf was unfurled. It might as well have been Bubbles Hawkins' Night. A TV crew was there to film him. Bob Cousy, the color commentator on the Nets' Home Box Office broadcasts, was at courtside being asked about Bubbles. Nuggets Coach Larry Brown was being asked about Bubbles and, mostly, Bubbles was being asked about Bubbles.

Several fans wanted to know how he got his nickname—he says he doesn't know. In any event, it describes him more accurately on the court than off, where he is a relatively quiet soul. There were also the usual hero-type requests: "Hey, Bubbles, my name's Danny Alessandro. Score 40 points for me tonight."

On this particular occasion Bubbles didn't come close to 40, but with the score tied at 84-all, he came flying up behind Jim Price, who had seemed safely ahead of the field on a fast break, reached out with one long arm and made a game-saving block.

From there the Nets ran out a 91-88 victory over the Midwest leaders, and in the winning dressing room Bissett announced, "Hey, everybody, it was a year ago that we beat Denver on the Doc's birthday and then went out to celebrate with him."

Bubbles Hawkins hadn't been around to remember, but he smiled at the thought. "I've shown I belong here now," he said. "People are starting to ask me about my defense. It's O.K. What would you say about the defense of the guys guarding me?"

For once, at least, someone else was even more bubbly than Bubbles. Net Coach Kevin Loughery said, "He's got something . . . charisma, I guess. The Doc had unbelievable charisma because he was so great. But here's a kid who is out of the league, comes back and scores a point a minute some nights. I guess our fans were ready for a new name, for a guy with a fresh face who smiles the way he does out there. All I know is that Bubbles Hawkins has become a hero just when we needed one."

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Of course, if you insist on adding something, a few options are still open. Like automatic transmission, power steering and air conditioning. If you've been thinking about cars like the Granada, Volvo or BMW, why not consider an 810? Compared to the 6-cylinder Volvo or BMW for example, you'll save at least \$2000. And once you drive the 810, you'll feel the difference in no time flat.



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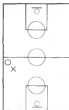
by 'Clyde' Frazier

The art of the steal.

There is a time and a place for stealing.

If you miss, your man should not be able to go in for a basket or create a two-on-one situation. So a good place to steal is just when your man is crossing half-court—in the outside corners. The side-line plays like an extra man for your team. If you go for the ball and miss, the guy can only go out of bounds.

There are times early in a game when I could make a steal, but I might prefer to keep the other guy feeling complacent. Then he's easier to steal from later, when the game gets tight and everything is crucial. A steal then could really crush the other team.



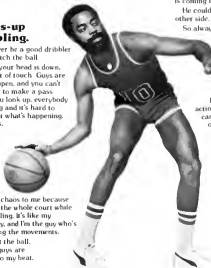
Heads-up dribbling.

You'll never be a good dribbler if you watch the ball.

While your head is down, you're out of touch. Guys are coming open, and you can't see them to make a pass. When you look up, everybody is moving and it's hard to figure out what's happening. It's chaos.

It's not chaos to me because I can see the whole court while I'm dribbling. It's like my symphony, and I'm the guy who's controlling the movements.

I've got the ball, and the guys are moving to my beat.



Why I play it cool.

Most guys show strain on their faces. If I'm applying pressure, I can see they don't like it. So I do it even more. Whereas if you pressure me, I still look the same way. You don't know whether to keep it up or back off.

On the inside, I'm just like everybody else. But I've developed a technique of not showing any emotion. So you can't read me. That's why people say I'm cool.



One big mistake.

If you face-guard your man, you won't know when the ball is coming to him. Or which side it's coming from.

He could fake you to one side, take the pass on the other side, and just walk in back door.

So always see the ball and your man.

Traction & action.

I always tell kids to go for the best in a basketball shoe. Some of it is psychological. If the shoes feel right on your feet, then you're going to feel better playing in them.

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I have a wide foot. When it smacks down on the court it gets even wider. The guys at Puma think about things like that. They build their shoes on a wider last—for athletes.

Should you wear Puma? Listen, it's going to cost you. But if you're good enough—if you've earned your stripes—a shoe this good can make a difference in how you play.



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When you've
earned your stripes.

Considering their intransigent attitudes, it was never much of a surprise the last three years when Ed Garvey, the executive director of the NFL Players' Association, and Sargent Karch, the chief labor negotiator for the NFL owners, walked out of a conference room in New York or Washington or San Diego and announced that the players and owners once again had failed to reach agreement on the terms for a contract to replace the pact that had expired in 1974. "If you absolutely do not trust them, and they do not trust you, then you can't get a settlement," Garvey said after one fruitless negotiation session.

And so it was in this spirit of mistrust that Garvey and Karch met in Room 1507 of Washington's Madison Hotel shortly before Christmas for yet another session. Taking note of the garish red velvet that covered one of the walls, Karch's wife Susan promptly called it the "Wayne Hays Suite."

Unknown to Garvey, Karch had arrived in Washington with a new game plan. "Before our meeting I started to think about priorities," Karch recalls. "Most of the owners had said that the NFL's draft of college players was critical; that if they went through one season without a draft, they might never get one again. The meetings among owners to discuss the draft always began the same way. Commissioner [Pete] Rozelle would say, 'Of course, if we could agree with the union on something, that would be preferable. But assuming we can't, what do we do?'"

"Everybody assumed we could not agree because of Garvey, so I started to think in terms of what was important to Garvey and the union. In negotiations we had always said, 'Let's talk about the draft and compensation for teams losing players who exercise their options and see if we can agree on those issues, because without them it's not worth talking about anything else.'"

Finding square one

When bargaining didn't begin and end with the draft issue, peace was at hand

"Well, we reasoned that the Rozelle Rule for compensation was not all that important to Garvey getting rid of the Rozelle Rule would help the wealthy players at the expense of the poor ones. The way we began to view it, the Rozelle Rule and the draft were simply the ways Garvey was getting his leverage, and he was getting more leverage with every court decision.

"Then we concluded that three things were important to Garvey: 1) the strength of his union, 2) outside arbitration of player grievances rather than arbitration by the commissioner, and 3) cash settlements of the lawsuits striking down the Rozelle Rule and the draft as illegal. I decided to make a last try with Garvey and bring up these three issues."

When their meeting in the Wayne Hays Suite had concluded, Garvey said, "Sarge, I hope you're not kidding me."

"When Ed said that, it told me a lot,"

says Karch. "It was then that I knew a settlement was possible."

"For the first time," Garvey says, "there was a discussion of things we wanted to talk about instead of just what they wanted to talk about. The whole struggle was to get them to bargain. They'd never bargained before."

"As soon as we started to make sense with Garvey," Karch says, "Garvey started making sense with us."

Last Friday, after six more meetings, the owners' and the players' board of representatives officially brought peace to pro football by approving a new five-year contract. By effectively using a "demand for freedom" as the players' primary pawn in the negotiations, Garvey won what he most wanted: the strength in numbers and dollars that the players' association needs to effectively represent its members. By bargaining with Garvey, Karch and the owners won the right to a modified version of what they like to call the "structure" of the sport: there will be a modified draft (with 12 rounds instead of 17) and a modified Rozelle Rule (without Rozelle's participation).

For the 36-year-old Garvey, the agreement ended seven years of frustration, controversy and attacks on his integrity, and now there is speculation that he will resign his position with the players' association to take a job with the government. "I went to work with the players in 1970 because I saw how badly they had been beaten by the owners in their last negotiations," he says. "Now I'm placing a lot of eggs in one particular basket: specifically the ability of the union to gain strength and sit across the table as equals the next time around."

Garvey originally intended to work for the players for only two years. "But I did not appreciate how strong the owners were," he says. "All each NFL owner has to do is put up \$10,000 and the league has \$280,000 to fight us in court. I was very naive."

That naiveté was corrected



After the first break in their long standoff, Ed Garvey (left) and Sargent Karch agreed to agree

exposed in 1974 when Garvey convinced the players to strike their training camps after negotiations for a new union contract had broken down. "We put up our dukes in 1974, and they did it to us with one punch," he says. "But on the way to the canvas we decided to come back, to return to work without a contract. The greatest achievement of the union was that it stayed alive."

Not that it was easy. Membership dropped from 1,257 players in 1973 to fewer than 400 by the end of the 1974 season. Before the strike the NFLPA had cash reserves of \$722,530. Two years later the association was \$236,464 in the red. Naturally, management would rarely miss an opportunity to nail Garvey. Billy Sullivan, the owner of the New England Patriots, branded him as "nothing more than a campus radical." Leonard Tose, the Philadelphia owner, said, "He doesn't help the league at all, and he doesn't serve his membership."

Some players obviously agreed with Tose's assessment. In August of 1975 the

Minnesota Vikings demanded Garvey's resignation, and the Pittsburgh Steelers have not paid dues for two years.

Player dissatisfaction with Garvey reached its peak last summer. He had rushed home from a European vacation for some backroom politicking, which resulted in the tabling of the so-called Anderson-Rooney contract agreement reached by Miami Safety Dick Anderson, the president of the players' association, and Steeler President Dan Rooney, the chairman of the NFL's negotiating subcommittee. Many NFL players were aware that under the Anderson-Rooney pact the NFL would resume the multimillion-dollar annual contributions to the players' pension program that had been suspended in 1974 and publicly blasted Garvey's interference. However, as an NFL club official admitted last week, "If we had gotten the Anderson-Rooney settlement approved, it would eventually have been harmful because it was weighted too heavily in favor of the owners."

Indeed, the Anderson-Rooney agreement contained none of the three major concessions that Garvey won from the NFL in the agreement approved last week. The owners have now agreed to an agency shop in which all players who have entered the league since 1974 must either join the union or pay an amount equal to the annual dues (\$350). In either case the money is deducted from their paychecks. The union also received from the NFL a cash settlement of \$16 million for three lawsuits. Finally, the owners agreed to outside arbitration of player grievances.

For their part, the owners got their modified draft, their modified Rozelle Rule—compensation will involve predetermined draft choices, not active players—and a pledge of no strikes or class-action lawsuits. Basically, it was a three-for-three swap.

"Settling was just a matter of trust," Karch says. "Garvey's a smart guy, a brilliant guy. I have nothing but admiration for him."

END

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The \$100,000 Bowling Machine

The pro tour's first and only \$100,000-a-year man, Earl Anthony has won a record 27 tournaments since he quit his job in a grocery warehouse

by Roy Bongartz

CONTINUED

87

he entered 29 tournaments, finishing first in seven, and won \$110,833. It was the second year in a row that he earned more than \$100,000, and he is the only bowler to have ever reached or surpassed that figure. There are no secrets to winning all that money, he says. He says it over and over. Get it fixed in your head, he says, and you've got the game cornered. "So many things can go through your mind," he says. "You have to get rid of all of them when it's time to deliver the ball. Let nothing else in. Not problems at home, not applause or a television camera, do not think about bills that have to be paid. You have to concentrate on each particular shot until that shot becomes the most important thing in the world that you do."

In addition to prize money and trophies, Anthony also gets annual fees for using Ebonite bowling balls and allowing his name to be put on them, and for endorsing Munsingwear clothes and a wrist support. For these rewards and—more important—the recognition that he is No. 1, he gives his life to the game.

This one was called the Brunswick World Open, held at Brunswick Northern Bowl, a 36-lane house in a shopping center in a featureless Chicago suburb called Glendale Heights. One of the 192 bowlers competing for the \$14,000 first prize was Earl Anthony. Despite being 6'1" and 195 pounds with moderately strong-looking shoulders, Anthony is not impressive physically—he has a straightaway body that hardly suggests special agility or power. He stands loosely while waiting to bowl his frame, left hand angled out over the hot-air blower in the ball-return fixture to dry off any perspiration. Then he picks up the ball, left thumb and middle and ring fingers fitting into their holes, and swings it up in front of his face as if he wants a good close look at it. He peers seriously over the top of the ball down the lane to 10 pins at the end, then takes five unspectacular steps forward with the ball swinging and then lets it go. The tumbling woody crash of another strike echoes amidst the clatter of pins falling on the adjacent alleys. Anthony turns back without changing expression, sits in a molded plastic chair and waits for the next frame.

He speaks to no one, nor do the other bowlers speak to him. The occasional cheers from the fans do not appear to

reach him. Once in a while he lights a cigarette and holds it down at his side as he sits, appearing to forget he has lit it. His eyes are sharp but seemingly without curiosity as he glances through glasses with silvery plastic frames at a colleague sending off a ball. He is patient and he is relaxed, yet there is an aura of something busy about him, something going on in him that is using him all up, something that he cannot break out of to do something else, like wave to a friend or shout or dart out to the bar for a drink. He seems almost inert, yet altogether absorbed, and then, when he steps up to bowl again, he begins to come alive. There is no wasted movement, but an electric strength seems to course through him and he gets that magical bit of control that makes the ball do what he wants it to do.

What the ball has to do is roll down the left side of the lane to a crucial point a few feet from the pins. It must then hook sharply right and clip the front pin (the 1-pin) and the pin just behind it to the left (the 2-pin) in such a beautifully precise way that the front pin will knock down the three pins on the right-hand edge of the triangle and the 2-pin will knock down the other two pins on the left-hand side of the triangle, while the ball continues rolling with power into the three remaining pins—the center one and the two behind it—to topple them, too. If a bowler sends a ball straight down the alley to the 1-2 or 1-3 pocket, without a quick turn being incorporated into the trajectory, this neat order of domino-falling will happen only infrequently. No professional bowler rolls a straight ball, they all throw a hook like Anthony's, or at least some sort of a curve.

Wherever he is—sitting and waiting for his turn, dining at plastic-copped lunch counters in motel restaurants, flying in airplanes, driving in rental cars—Anthony is always thinking about ways to make the ball hook into that pocket and not to hook too soon or too late. He is always thinking about the last ball he sent down the alley, the way it acted, whether it might need a little more spin the next time to hook perfectly. You can almost hear his head clicking off a marvelous assortment of permutations: Lane condition (moist or dry, rough or oily, maybe grooved a bit by a hard day's use). Hardness or softness of the bowling ball (variable by the manufacturer's intent

Most of the time he has no idea where he is, and he doesn't really care. The locations do not matter anymore because they have all come to look alike to him. He is getting pretty close to being absolutely undistractable, which is what he wants to be. On practically any day of the year, the world's greatest bowling professional will be facing a 60-foot lane of polished maple and pine, ready to let fly with a bright orange, 16-pound plastic ball at 10 plastic-coated maple pins standing in a neat triangle at the far end. His concentration is so unrelenting that it is troubling to the spirit to watch him. As you read these words, Earl Anthony is most likely inside another cave-like, low-ceilinged room somewhere, and he is thinking: I have come here to bowl, only to bowl—and to win. He will win money, probably, but what has brought him to that room is the idea of winning, beating the others, being best. He has been like this since he was a kid.

Anthony is 38 now, a former wholesale-grocery worker who quit his job seven years ago to start bowling full time. Since then he has won a record 27 official tournaments on the Professional Bowlers Association tour.

In each of the past three years he has earned more money bowling than anybody else in the sport's history. Last year

and the bowler's choice). Weighted balance of the ball (adjustable by drilling holes and filling them with weights). Placement of finger holes (which affect spin and speed). Wrist angle (controllable by means of leather and steel bowling gloves that keep the wrist stiff). Speed of the approach. And a multitude more.

There was a time when Anthony was a baseball pitcher, and not bad, but he says bowling is better. "I like an individual sport more than any team sport," he says. "Bowling is all offense and no defense. You're not playing against anyone, really, except yourself. In pro bowling, nobody can help you. Now, if you're a baseball player or a football player, you've got a contract and a guarantee of making a living no matter how badly you might play—at least for the season. In bowling you have to start all over again every day."

During a tournament professionals constantly change lanes and, because every lane is different, every game requires a different combination. Anthony regularly changes one ball for another; he travels with four, and others are always available. He has a garageful at home and he gives them all away after a couple of weeks' use. He is never satisfied with his bowling balls, constantly rejiggering angles and weights and spins.

As the games progress in Glendale Heights, the scores are projected onto screens above the lanes along with a number in red or black showing the level below or above par of 200 that each bowler is averaging for the tournament. Some of the bowlers get deeper and deeper into the red as they add more games, and they are sure to be cut from the competition long before the finals. After a morning of bowling, Anthony is well in the black and seems in a quietly affable mood as he meets his roommate, 31-year-old Gary Mage of Seattle, for a late lunch in the coffee shop of the Holiday Inn. As with almost everything in his life, Anthony is not interested in the food he eats—except as it might affect his bowling. On the road he eats two meals a day, making sure to leave several hours between eating and bowling. The two bowlers order the diet special—hamburger and cottage cheese—and when the waitress asks Anthony for an autograph for her grandson he cheerfully complies. Other bowlers from the morning shift—the players occupy the lanes from morning until



"Concentrate on each shot until it becomes the most important thing that you do," says Anthony.

night in successive go-arounds of eight games—wave to Anthony and Mage and remind them of a card game about to start in one of the players' rooms.

"The story of my life would be pretty dull," Anthony admits with a half-pleased smile over a coffee cup that the solicitous waitress keeps refilling—and there is a hint that he sets a certain dullness as respectable and maybe quite desirable. Yet he knows that he is not an ordinary man, because an ordinary man cannot keep on playing anything and winning and winning year in and year out without faltering, blowing up, releasing the grip on the nerves. "People insist that you have secrets," Anthony says of the many fans who are curious about how he keeps up this near perfection. "They don't believe you when you tell them that it is all just concentration. That's all there is to it."

After finishing his last cup of coffee, Anthony goes to the room where the card game is in progress; he does not join in, only watches.

That night Anthony's shift is back at work again. He is wearing white bowling shoes, red socks, white pants with a cross-hatching of tiny red squares, and a red T shirt with the name EARL ANTHONY in cloth letters sewed on the back. He has a deadpan expression; his eyes

look sharply and a bit challengingly at someone trying to engage him in conversation, as if he's ready to say, "Let's get this over with and go on with the main business here, which is bowling."

On the first day of this tournament there were practice sessions and then some pro-am games, in which amateurs paid \$60 to draw chances to bowl games with their idols among the pros. Anthony puts up with pro-ams good-naturedly because "It's good for bowling, good for the sport," he says. "Some of the amateurs don't say a word, they're scared to talk to you. But most of them say, 'Watch me and tell me what I'm doing wrong.' That's not as easy as they think. The ones with fairly high averages, 180 and over, it's very hard to spot what may be wrong with their game. There are many things that can upset your rhythm. Most of them seem to throw the ball too hard, hit the foul line too fast."

Although Anthony's nuts-and-bolts logic would be death on any brand of romanticism, he is inordinately proud of being completely on his own, of starting off every tournament with the very good chance of not making a dollar in it. His hardest task is to keep his enthusiasm up during the long days of preliminary games that lead to the more exciting match games toward the end of a tour-

continued



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nament; the tighter the competition in the final games, the better Anthony likes it. Most tournaments have an extra television playoff these days. With their bright lights and breaks for commercials and gabbling commentators, the TV playoffs regularly freak out many professionals, causing them to roll impossible splits and even an occasional gutter ball. But Anthony thrives on this added tension and is famous for coolly moving up from behind and taking first or second place as early leaders lose their aplomb while under the scrutiny of bowling fans from coast to coast (there are about 64 million bowlers in the U.S.).

Professional bowling is a solemn business, involving about 90 top American bowlers who are good enough to make a living at their sport—although some just barely make expenses, which can come to \$15,000 a year or more. They seem imprisoned in their vast cluttered caverns, assigned by some mysterious sporting god to hurl balls at pins forever and to do so with the utmost gravity. Only at roll call in the morning is there any horseplay—players in a big cluttered squad room putting on bowling tops, weighing in their bowling balls and shouting remarks at loudspeaker announcements by a PBA official. But then the games begin and they are working alone again. Aside

from awards banquets for a few champions, there are not many social occasions where the bowlers can get together; they are essentially loners, free-lancers working strictly for themselves with only the distant sense of community that sharing an endlessly repeated, extremely difficult task can generate.

Anthony is pleased with the PBA's strict rules on neatness of dress and comportment. He says, "If we had anybody like Ted Williams—who'd spit or do anything like that—he'd be out of the PBA in a minute." Perhaps because they feel an inferiority to golfers, bowlers don't even reach the mid level of anger exhibited on the fairways by the occasional tournament golf pro. In one week of bowling, Anthony's most overt reaction came in a somewhat unguarded moment after he had rolled two spares. Often he will roll the ball and confidently turn his back before the ball has done its work, expecting it to behave properly and knock down all the pins. But this time he stayed to watch a 7-10 split—the two farthest-apart rear pins remaining upright—and, in disgust, turned and mouthed (in absolute silence, of course) "Je-sus Christ" or three syllables very much like them.

Then he dropped placidly into his seat and had a long, calm drag on his cigarette. Behind him, a trio of cheer-

housewives discussed bad calls by the officials in last week's Bears game. When he got up and bowled a perfect strike—a "snowglobe" that wiped out the pins in a satisfyingly fast sweep—the women cried "Thataway!" in unison, but Anthony paid them no heed. One woman fan then told another, "I could never bowl with all these people watching." Her companion replied, "Well, I could, all right, because I'd think they were watching everybody else but me."

One of the distractions bowlers must weather is the excitement that builds up in a neighboring lane when a colleague begins to roll a series of strikes toward what may be a perfect game. Experts among the fans can tell by the enthusiasm of the cheers exactly which frame of the 12 perfect ones needed has just been bowled, starting with mild "ahhhhs" at the fifth frame and rising in even increments of excitement to joyous squeals and hoots at the ninth and 10th and 11th.

One who draws a crowd a couple of lanes up from Anthony is Glendale Heights is 45-year-old Curt Schmidt, known as the Martian for his rather pointy ears and penetrating gaze, a Hoosier who was once a horseshoe-pitching champion. Schmidt's projected score shows him deep in the red, so it is the underdog's uphill fight that attracts rooters from all 36 lanes.

After a sixth strike, Curt smacks both hands to his forehead; Anthony and another bowler step over to slap Schmidt's palm in congratulation, and still another bowler jumps up and pretends to box with him. Schmidt touches the sole of one of his shoes and lets fly another strike, after which he feigns a stagger and falls into his chair with poorly contained glee. On the eighth delivery all breaths are held as a pin wobbles and hovers—and at last goes over for the strike. A terrific cheer greets strike No. 9. Before the next throw he bows his head in meditation for a long moment, then lets fly and makes a 10th strike, raising an arm high in a victory salute. A gray-haired woman wearing heavy lipstick claps her hands in prayer as Schmidt rolls No. 11—and leaves one pin standing. As an unhappy groan arises from the stands, Schmidt gazes at the adjoining lanes, sighs deeply, then nods politely and sadly to his supporters. He knocks down the pin for a 289 game.

At most tournaments these days spectators fill the limited space, 1,000 being



When Anthony falls into a state of "relaxation" on tour, he escapes to his trophy-filled Tacoma home.

all the average house can contain. Within the prescribed limits of circumspection, each bowler shows emotion in varying ways. Sandy Finkelstein, 34, of Cortland, N.Y., crumples up in mock despair when he leaves a pin standing on a crucial frame and pretends to be dying in his seat. Frank Zimik, 28, of Hubbard, Ohio, prefers to kid around about a low score, announcing to a couple of pretty young ladies in his clique: "This is it. I'm retiring after this tournament. You'll never see me around here again." And he gives them a big grin, as if he is really enjoying the game even though he's not doing so hot at the moment. Most of the bowlers, though, appear to be under constant strain, as if there is not much fun in it when they're winning—and only black misery in defeat.

Anthony rarely shows emotion, be it delight or despair. He picks up the bowling ball and then, with his right hand, he lightly brushes an earpiece of his glasses—a gentle, deliberate little movement that is the only wasted motion Anthony makes while bowling. But there is a banked fire in him that was a hot temper when he was a kid. Growing up in Tacoma as the youngest of three children of a career Army man who was away much of the time, Anthony felt early on that he was on his own and wanted to prove he was as good as the others solely for his own satisfaction.

His drive to win in high school came out of his "ornerness," Anthony says. He was already showing a good pitching arm in the 10th grade but the baseball coach advised him to wait a year before trying out for the varsity. "He told me that in another year I'd be able to throw harder," Anthony says. "But I wouldn't want, and I thought, 'If I can't make pitcher as a sophomore then I won't pitch for you next year, either.' " Hungry for competition and refusing to be put off, he took his pitching elsewhere—to an adult city league team. He also took a job as a pinsetter in a bowling center, but rolled only a few casual games in those days; he thought of himself as a baseball pitcher. Graduating from high school at 17, he joined the Air Force and became a radar technician. Pitching for Vincent Air Force Base against an Army team, he threw back-to-back seven-inning no-batters, striking out 19 in the first game, 18 in the second.

Completing his four-year hitch, dur-

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Bowling Machine continued

ing which he had married his high school girl friend Marylou (she was 17, he was 19). Anthony went to spring training with a Vancouver farm team in 1960 but quit when he was refused the salary he demanded. He took a job with the West Coast Grocery Co., a vast wholesaling warehouse a couple of miles from his frame house in Tacoma, and began fitting in bowling-league schedules with his shift work as a receiving clerk.

As a member of a shop league in which night-shift workers bowled on Friday mornings, Anthony started off with a 165 average and immediately began improving it by practicing daily. "It's my nature to try to do something better than anyone else," he says. "I tried to bowl against guys who were better than I was, and I learned by losing money to them. We used to put money on a game, maybe a couple of dollars—that's a lot for a shift worker with a family and a mortgage—and the best scorer would take it all, from maybe 20 or 30 guys who were in it. I never used an instructor, but I do advise amateurs to get one, even though it costs money. What I did was ask the good players, 'Hey, how do you do that?' when they'd roll strikes. I would try to put what I learned from them into my own game, but still I was completely on my own. I mainly wanted to prove to myself that I could beat the other guy."

After four years Anthony was averaging 204. He felt ready for the plunge into professional competition, if only on summer vacation from his job. So he joined the PBA and competed in tournaments in Seattle, Spokane and at home in Tacoma, winning very little but getting a strong taste for the life of a full-time bowler. A third child was on the way, however (the Anthonys have two girls and a boy), and, unwilling to risk his financial security, he returned to his job for another seven long years, practicing nearly every day and slowly improving. By the time he returned to professional bowling, Anthony had a 217 average.

In their modest living room, dominated by bowling trophies set on a sideboard and on the wall-to-wall carpet, Earl and Marylou Anthony sit in armchairs, exhausted from a tournament trip to Hawaii that included, for once, the whole family. Ordinarily it is only in summer that the kids are free to travel with their

father, and Marylou has plenty to do keeping house. A tall woman in a light blue pantsuit, Marylou wears an expression of faint but perceptible concern, as if she suspects that there just possibly might be a gas leak in the basement at any moment. The Anthonys look at an opened but still unpacked suitcase and then let their eyes stray out through the picture window in the kitchen to a postcard scene of the snowy peak of Mt. Rainier. They agree that the crucial moment of their lives came in 1970 when Earl decided to go professional. "The question comes back to that competitive nature again," he says. "I was 31, not getting any younger. I would never have known if I could do it or not, if I hadn't tried."

It was a poor time to quit a job in the Seattle-Tacoma area: 100,000 workers had just been laid off in the aircraft industry, and a newspaper headline read, LAST ONE TO LEAVE SEATTLE PLEASE TURN OFF THE LIGHTS. But a work reduction in the warehouse was about to put Anthony on the swing shift, which would have brought him home too late to see his children before they went to bed. This encouraged him to get out and do what he wanted to do—go bowling for money. "It was a difficult decision," Marylou says. "We talked it over a long time."

"Nobody is going to be sorry for you if you don't make it bowling," Anthony says. "If you fail, they just say goodbye. Out of the 90 professionals who work the tournaments full time only 15 or 20 make a good living out of it. Who would have thought I could make the top 20?"

Anthony needed about \$15,000 for travel and equipment expenses and entry fees. A friend, David Tuell Jr., a Tacoma attorney and fellow bowler, volunteered to help sponsor him in return for part of his eventual winnings, a common arrangement in tournament play.

"The way it works," Anthony explains, "is that, say, \$4,800 goes into a bank account to cover expenses on a dozen tournaments. The bank sends me \$400 a week and I send back all my winnings, if I make any, to the bank. The sponsor first gets back his \$4,800, if there's enough to pay him, and then 40% or 50% of anything more than that, according to the deal you make."

Anthony would have struck out on his own if it hadn't been for Marylou's insistence that somebody else take the main risk: with a sponsor footing the bills, the

bowler owes nothing if he earns nothing, yet can draw enough money to live on. Anthony began with a 40-40 split in his favor. "In my very first tournament—it was out in Wichita—I won second place and \$3,500," he says with a wry glance at his wife.

"When I heard what he'd won," she says, "I thought, 'He's going to kill me for making him get a sponsor.'" In appreciation for Tuell's confidence, Anthony retained him as a sponsor until last year, when for the first time he worked with a 100-0 split in his favor.

Marlynn bowls once a week in a women's league in which, she says, newcomers expect her to be a whiz because she is Mrs. Anthony. But they soon accept the fact that her talent is modest. Earl, she says, encourages her but won't coach her; he doesn't like instructing and would never consider doing it for a living. The three children (Jeri, 18, a legal secretary; Mike, 16, a high school junior; and Tracy, 13, an eighth-grader) bowl in local leagues, Mike says proudly. "I can hear him maybe once in 100 games."

Marlynn hardly acts the part of a wife whose husband is No. 1 at his occupation. On the morning of their return from Hawaii, she did three loads of washing and started her ironing—"or else nobody around here will have anything to wear." In seven years, Anthony has won half a million dollars, \$318,000 the last three, but the only major appliance Marlynn recalls getting was a new sewing machine. A new car was a tournament prize, but otherwise nothing suggests that the Anthonys' house is no longer the home of a groceryman. Anthony has bought land for investment—a purchase last year of 40 acres of woodland on the Olympia Peninsula is the most recent—but he has little interest in visiting the land or engaging in any outdoor activity on it—or anywhere else, for that matter, except maybe on a golf course, where his game is improving from the mid-80s. Anthony recently passed the exams for a Washington real estate license, just in case his bowling scores should fall off.

Though it is clear that Anthony has little taste for spending money, it is also evident that he does not think his annual earnings of more than \$100,000 are very impressive. The first thing he likes to point out is that a golfer in his class, playing the same number of tournaments and enjoying the same success he does, would

pull down half a million dollars a year. "And the gallery would have to whisper when he was about to shoot, too," he says. He notes that he is already working for 50¢ on the dollar because of taxes, and says that air fare and hotels cost him easily \$600 a week and that he spends about 30 weeks a year on the tour.

The Anthonys spend as little on food as they do on major appliances and were outraged at paying \$40 for a dinner for two on an evening out with business associates during their Hawaii trip. "Paying that much is ridiculous," Earl says. His favorite meal is breakfast, at which he eats hashed brown potatoes, bacon and eggs, or pancakes or waffles. He also likes ice cream, and does away with half a gallon a day with the help of Mike. "Any flavor at all, except green tea," he says. "Don't try it."

The \$100,000 mark in bowling was, until Anthony surpassed it in 1975, much like the four-minute mile, and although his earnings had been increasing most years, he desperately wanted to be the first to make it. In 1974 he even went so far as to enter low-paying regional tournaments at the end of the year in an attempt to reach his goal. Anthony recalls that 1974 "looked like a \$40,000 year to me, good but not phenomenal." But he won half a dozen tournaments toward the end of the year, "and everybody was pumping me to try for the \$100,000." Having earned \$76,000 by early September, Anthony entered a minor contest in an eight-lane house in Cottonwood, Ariz., where only the first prize of \$1,600 was worth his time and travel. "I barely won it," he says. But by winning at Cottonwood, he became eligible for a contest of regional champions in Ohio—and picked up another \$4,000 for winning that. Now he had gone over \$81,000. He won another \$2,000 in Battle Creek, finished 27th in Syracuse, earning \$405, and got \$5,000 for winning in Cleveland. Total: \$88,660. He would have made the \$100,000 if he had won the World Open in Chicago, but second place raved the pot to only \$96,160. To keep in the running at the tail end of the season, he had to win in Hawaii, and he did—the \$3,025 bringing him to \$99,185. His last chance at \$100,000 came in Santa Maria, Calif., where the first prize was \$1,000. "I finished third," he says. Although he missed the magic number by \$415, he made it in 1975 with \$107,585.

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Bowling Machine continued

"It hasn't really changed our life any," he says, "except that I have less time to myself." Says Marylou, "We really didn't run right out to buy anything, but it is nice to know that if anything happened to us we'd be taken care of." After his 1975 feat, Anthony told a reporter for the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, "This has all been kind of a dream, like a script made up in Hollywood. I kept looking for that Alfred Hitchcock ending, but it never came."

Anthony is not quite sure whether he should regard bowling as work. "It's fun because I'm competent at it," he says, "but, yes, it's work. I had to work hard at it; it's blood, sweat and tears. But, still, it is never a chore, never drudgery to me. I'm always eager to get out there." Nevertheless, Anthony does have a mild slump about once a year when he gets into what he calls a state of "satiation."

"What goes wrong with some professional bowlers is that they bowl every week in competition and they get too much of it. I try to relax from it between tournaments but usually there isn't enough time. It really takes four weeks to get completely away from it, but usually I take two at the most."

Anthony admits "the key thing on tour is to kill time. I keep watching TV as late as I can; you get some channels where there's a late movie on until maybe three in the morning. Then it's easy to sleep till 10 and stretch breakfast out until noon, when it's time to start bowling."

As long as he is bowling, Anthony doesn't much mind where he is, though he prefers pleasant climates. He sees a couple of dozen cities for a week each year but knows very little about them beyond the direct route between the motel and the bowling center. Besides watching television he reads Westerns, but unlike other professionals who have outside interests such as antique collecting or portrait painting, Anthony keeps his mind mostly on the game. His favorite trophies include a samurai helmet he got for bowling a perfect game on live Japanese television, and the Key to the City of Fairlawn, Ohio, where the Firestone Tournament of Champions is held, and he enjoys knowing that the news of every tournament he plays in is posted on a special bulletin board in the offices of the West Coast Grocery Co. Among his least favorite rewards are a gilt Midas muller on a stand, which he received

after failing to roll a perfect game on television for \$200,000 (he left the 10-pin standing in the seventh frame), and an immovable pin that, if it had fallen, would have meant \$10,000 and a new car on another 300-game television challenge (on this one he got 11 strikes before leaving a lone bad-news 9-pin). During his career he has bowled fourteen 300 games, all as a professional.

Anthony advises that bowlers who contemplate joining the tour "bowl in a tournament near home to see what it is like. See if you enjoy it and whether you're capable of living this life. That way you can save yourself \$15,000 if you don't like it. It's a boring life on the road, traveling all the time, being away from home. If you can handle that you can be a professional." To good bowlers who would like to improve gradually to the professional level, Anthony says, "You'd have to spend the next two or three years bowling every day, you'd have to live in a bowling center and somehow get free bowling, work there or something. But pro bowling is a scary proposition. If you have one good week, you never know if you're going to make a dollar the next."

Anthony would like to keep bowling for at least three more years and says that he will be satisfied with \$400,000 a year. He would also like to raise the pay level of bowling to parity with golf, as well as raise the lowthrow image that continues to plague the sport in spite of its wide acceptance with most segments of the American population—to say nothing of the current boom in Europe, Asia and the other Americas. It is not likely that he will slow down of his own accord. Once, after he'd won a car in a tough tournament at Madison Square Garden, he started off in the next contest, a smaller one down in Virginia, by letting a mediocre bowler beat him and was, as he says, "very upset with myself." A friend told me, "Ease up a little, you just won a big one in New York." I told him there was going to be a winner here, too, and I wanted it to be me. You have to give 100% all the time. You have to keep trying to be a machine."

So Earl Anthony is out on the circuit again. After that sparkingly successful year of 1976 ended at the Christmas holidays, he described how 1977 looked to him: "It's like finding out, after you've just won the fastest mile, that you have to run another lap."

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SI0397

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

A LOT OF RUBLES

Sir,

I thoroughly enjoyed William Oscar Johnson's intriguing account of the high-powered negotiations between the Soviet Union and the three major American television networks for the TV rights to the 1980 Olympic Games (A Contract with the Kremlin, Feb. 21). It was interesting to learn how completely the Soviet's ideological disdain for capitalism and profiteering vanishes when they are the ones who stand to make the better part of \$85 million.

Now that NBC has agreed to pay this exorbitant sum on behalf of all of us who watch their programs and buy the products of their sponsors, it will take a super effort on the network's part to give us our money's worth. On the other hand, if NBC can handle the Olympics with the excellence that we have become accustomed to, thanks to the previous efforts of ABC, the price of \$85 million may prove to be a bargain.

RANDY BALDWIN
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir,

Please send copies of your Feb. 21 issue to President Jimmy Carter and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance with my compliments and bill me accordingly. The article should be required reading for anyone contemplating negotiations with the Russians.

RAYMOND C. STELARI
Urbana, Ill.

Sir,

Lenin said the capitalists would sell the rope that would be used to hang them. He was wrong. NBC has bought it.

MARK E. MEDALETZ
Jackson, N.J.

Sir,

Another Russian wheat deal.

GARY ARNOLD
Denham, N.C.

Sir,

Your article portrays the supposedly shrewd network executives as overzealous, opportunistic, bumbling lads oversteuffed with a sense of their mission and self-importance. It is time to justify the purpose and expense of such nonsense. The overpriced, political and/or big-business sham that quadrennially masquerades as the Olympic Games is nothing more than a vaudeville show from which the participants graduate to the big time. It is an unfortunate commentary on the state of our world community and its regard for the ideals of the Games.

(THE REV.) JONATHAN ALMOND
North Katonah, N.Y.

Sir,

I'm afraid that 1980 will be it for the Olympics. Nobody will be able to afford the Games anymore.

PETER ANDERSON
Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir,

I am appalled by the deplorable manner in which our television networks were treated by the Russians. It is disgusting to think that we would stoop to the sleazy Soviet demands I admire the CBS people for their turnaround of the deal when they had it for the asking. I have contempt for NBC for rushing in to grab it. May NBC lose its shirt.

TERRY N. ANDERSON
Springfield, Mo.

Sir,

The so-called surprise winner of the 1980 Olympic television deal is in reality the loser. ABC and CBS are the victorious ones. The eventual impact of the totally unrealistic \$85 million shelled out by NBC will be on the consumer, to his expense we, too, are losers.

But the Russians are the main source of my disgust. They treated the networks like dirt. I just wish our networks had had the foresight to pool their negotiating power and resources to get a realistic cost figure, to make the Russians bargain on our terms.

MAURICE WINTER
JOHN E. MADOLE
State College, Pa.

Sir,

William Oscar Johnson asks who won this confrontation. We all know who won. The score is Russia 85, the U.S. and NBC 0.

JACK R. NELSON
Arcata, Calif.

Sir,

There are two points that I feel must be made to complete the story. First, no mention was made of Al Rush, NBC senior vice-president for program and sports administration, whose dealings over the two-year period with the Soviet Olympic and television authorities, as well as within NBC, were most significant in bringing the pool idea to near reality.

The second point that concerns me is the incorrect impression left by the story of Roone Arledge's activities during the closing weeks of the battle. I must congratulate him on his persistence, which continued up to the time (some two hours before the signing ceremonies) when his European representative, Georges Crozes, met Madame Monique Berlioz of the IOC at the Moscow airport and tried to upset the NBC agreement. The impression that Roone ever deviated in his desire for these Games is incorrect. He is a splen-

did competitor and I think you do him an injustice by not reporting his activities right to the final gun.

CARL LINDERMAN JR.
Vice-President, Sports
NBC Television
New York City

Sir,

There's a rumor going around here at ABC Television that the initials NBC stand for National Bolshevik Company.

DORIS GUINARD
New York City

Sir,

Now we know what the "N" in NBC stands for: "nuts," as in "They are."

MICHAEL G. HINCKO
Norwalk, Calif.

Sir,

As a rooter for the underdog, I'm glad NBC won.

STEVE KINNEY
Farmington, Maine

Sir,

I'd like to add a few facts. When Lothar Bock told me that he knew people in Moscow working on the 1980 Olympics and suggested that perhaps if he helped one of the networks with the Games it would help him with his cultural projects, I called all three networks. Roone Arledge of ABC, Bob Wussler of CBS and Chet Simmons of NBC. Arledge and Simmons were out, and Wussler was on a long-distance phone call. Wussler called back and asked that Lothar and I come to his office that afternoon. We did, and the rest of the story is well documented in the article.

BILL GREENMAN
Curpy Productions
New York City

THE GANDOLF REPORT

Sir,

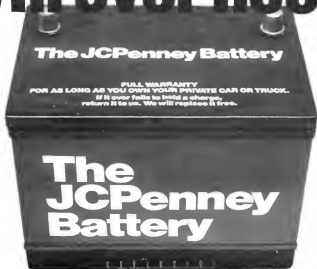
Those of us out here in TV land with an abiding interest in preserving the English language are most appreciative of your piece on Ray Gandolf of CBS Morning News (TV/Radio, Feb. 14). In this age of pretty faces, phony teeth and balloon brains, he is the ideal blend of literacy, succinctness and wit.

If the station executives and the TV/radio professors of America want to know how sports should be presented (without clichés, hype and hominess), I suggest they tape Ray's shows for a week and use them as texts. Ray and Hughes Rudd are masters of understatement, true pros in a sporty league of over-rated amateurs. Worst of all, they do not get a fraction of the acclaim due them.

W. RICA GARA
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

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18TH HOLE continued

Sir

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JIMMY GOLDMAN
Pittsburgh

BOAR HUNT

Sir

As a charter subscriber to *SI*, let me congratulate you on the article *Ugly, Pustiferous and Preposterous* (Feb. 7) by William Humphrey and also on its unusual illustrations. It was well written, descriptive and even picturesque. One can well imagine being one of the group of hunters.

RICHARD J. MILLER, M.D.
Kenneth Square, Pa.

Sir

I enjoyed William Humphrey's evocative piece on boar hunting in the Sologne, partly, no doubt, because I am a professed French and therefore inclined to appreciate the literary allusions (e.g., Vigny's romantic poem) and the sketches of French mores. But I feel obliged to offer one correction. Contrary to what Humphrey says, Alexandre Dumas had more than a drop of blue blood in his veins. As André Maurois points out in his biography of the three Alexandre Dumas, the writer's grandfather was "a onetime colonel, and Commissaire Général of artillery [and] came of a noble Norman family, and held the courtesy title of marquis." Your readers might be interested to know a little more about how this family came into being: the "marquis" sired a son by a black slave girl in the French West Indies. This mulatto boy later became a general in Napoleon's army as well as the father of the Alexandre Dumas who figures in Humphrey's story.

JAMES S. PATTY
Nashville

THE WINNER'S VIEW

Sir

E. J. Kahn Jr.'s article on the World Championship of Backgammon (*A Quarter a Point Just Twenty-Five Cents*, Feb. 7) was very interesting. He captures some of the exciting world of tournament backgammon but, unfortunately, expresses the typical loser's syndrome that his opponents won only because they threw fantastically lucky dice. As one who has been playing the game for a year and a half, I can tell him that I've had my share of bad dice. I can also point out that I've had good dice as well and answer his last question as to who won by simply signing this letter.

KEN GORDMAN
1977 World Backgammon Champion
Des Plaines, Ill.

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